WORLD FRIENDSHIP SERIES

OUT OF THEIR OWN MOUTHS

OSCAR MacMILLAN BUCK

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Out of their own mouths

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WORLD FRIENDSHIP SERIES

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OUT OF THEIR OWN MOUTHS

An Elective Course for Young People on The Religions of the World

By

OSCAR MacMILLAN BUCK

Approved by the Committee on Curriculum
of the Board of Education of the
Methodist Episcopal Church

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To
MY MOTHER
IN THE
FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR
OF HER
MISSIONARY CAREER

In Christ there is no East nor West,
In him no South nor North,
But one great fellowship of love
Throughout the whole wide earth.
In him shall true hearts everywhere
Their high communion find.
His service is the golden cord
Close-binding all mankind.

Join hands, then, brothers of the faith,
Whate'er your race may be!
Who serves my Father as a son
Is surely kin to me.
In Christ now meet both East and West,
In him meet South and North,
All Christly souls are one in him
Throughout the whole wide earth.

—*John Oxenham.*

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Since the Reformation, and in these latter days, Christianity is proving in a more marked degree than ever before its universal claims. The missionaries of the cross of Christ have gone to all lands and have established the church among all peoples. Mohammedans have been converted, as have high Hindus, Chinese literati, and patriotic Japanese. No other classes are more antagonistic to the gospel message than these, yet representatives of all have kneeled down to do homage to Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. In many lands and in divers tongues the name of Jesus is sung by children, and his power to save proclaimed by men and women, whose first ray of light in the midst of heathen darkness came from the story of his love and sacrifice.—*Edmund D. Soper in The Faiths of Mankind.*

EDITORS' INTRODUCTION

LYING deep in the foundation of the principles and ideals on which Christianity as an historical religion has been built is respect for human personality. It was one of the outstanding characteristics both of Jesus' personal relationships with people and of his teaching. It constituted a basic element in the religion which he gave to the world.

More and more in our day are we coming to realize that the recognition of this foundation principle is essential to all Christian life and activity. When it is disregarded or becomes obscured, the result is a distinct loss in the Christian quality of character and action. It is a determinative factor alike in industrial relations and in foreign missions. No employer is fully Christian in his relationship to his fellow workers who has anything less than the full measure of respect for the personality of the man who occupies the most lowly position in the group. No church is truly Christian that, in the person of those who represent it in carrying forward its missionary program, does not fully respect the people to whom the program is designed to minister. Disrespect for personality manifests itself in subtle ways, one of the most frequent of which is the attitude and tone of patronage. Yet another is the failure to see and frankly recognize the elements of truth, goodness, and beauty that inhere in the religious forms, ceremonies, and beliefs of others. There are two ways of regarding the votaries of other religions: one is that of considering and speaking of them as heathen (literally, a heath dweller, an uncouth unenlightened countryman, a term of opprobrium); the other is that of thinking of them as fellowseekers for the truth, less privileged than ourselves in their access to the sources of light and life and for that reason the more entitled to our sympathy, our service, and our friendship. There are likewise two ways of regarding other religions than our own: one is that of considering them false and

utterly worthless; the other is that of looking upon them as expressions of the spiritual yearnings and aspirations of our common humanity, a testimony to the inherent religiousness of mankind and because they register human religious experience worthy of respect and study.

The latter of these two ways of regarding non-Christian peoples and their religions is that represented by this textbook. It is one of the books of the *World Friendship Series,* and its approach to the study of other religions than the Christian faith is that implied in the series' title. The book, as others of the same series, is offered for the study of young people's and adult classes in the church school and elsewhere. It is hoped that many such groups through its use may find growing in their minds and hearts more of the spirit of the Master in all of their relationships to others, particularly those of other religions than our own.

THE EDITORS.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

Is there a place for another book on the world's religions?

An increased interest in world affairs carries with it an increased interest in the ways and thoughts of the world's peoples. To feed this interest there is room for many books.

This book differs from others in two respects: It is more concerned with the actual effects of each religion in daily life than with its origins or scriptures or philosophies. Yet, necessarily, in dealing with the outer workings the "inner works" must be touched here and there.

Again, each religion is allowed to interpret itself through one of its own adherents. "Out of their own mouths" they speak. This of course raises many difficult questions many of which are purposely left unanswered in order to stimulate discussion in the groups of young people and others in which the book is intended to be used.

Is non-Christian the same as unchristian? Is Jesus Christ, in his person and program, the light coming into the world that lighteth every man?

If these two questions are satisfactorily and interestingly answered in this little book, it may fairly ask for a half inch of space on the bookshelf of the growing Christian and a larger space in his hand and heart.[1]

O. M. B.

December, 1925.

[1] For further material the reader is referred to such books as *The Faiths of Mankind*, by E. D. Soper (The Abingdon Press); *The World's Living Religions*, by R. E. Hume (Charles Scribner's Sons); *Living Religions of the East*, by Sydney Cave (Charles Scribner's Sons); and *The Religions of the World*, by G. A. Barton (University of Chicago Press).

INTRODUCTION

THIS little book is the record of a journey round the world in the steam yacht *Search,* owned and captained by my friend Drayton Sedgewood. Of Sedgewood and the journey this further word is necessary.

Sedgewood and I grew up together beside a mountain lake, and many were the hours we spent as boys navigating with sail and oar the little raft we built and named *Adventure.* Boyhood passed into youth, and we were summoned each to his life task. Sedgewood went to the big city, and I to the town. The years passed, and Sedgewood in the business world was unusually successful. Then *Adventure* changed to *Search.* He came down to see me.

"You know my weakness, Frank. I am more interested in men than money. I know the men of my own city and I know my own countrymen. But there are other peoples on our tight little planet. Let us go search them out and see them as they are."

"Are you serious, Sedge?" I asked with eager, questioning look into his warm blue eyes. "I am like a brook trout when you dangle such a fly."

He laughed, then grew sober. "I have an idea. I want to put it to the test."

"Name it," I said when he hesitated.

"It is this: that really to understand men and women you have to see beneath the color of their skins, beneath the way they eat and dress and build and live, beneath all that the eye and ear and nose and hand can report of them, and get down to the thoughts and beliefs that determine conduct. When we get down to that lower level we are in the realm of their religion.

"In other words, I have the idea that we Americans cannot understand our fellow men nor deal with them successfully until we know something of the religions of the world."

"All the 'isms'?" I added solemnly. "Our brains will sag with the weight of our studies, Sedge."

"No," he added quickly. "Just enough of them to understand how they affect life. Come along, Frank. A little brain work will not permanently harm you. You can study your 'isms' in people, not books, and there will be no classrooms, only temples and markets and homes. Perhaps you will become so interested you will write a book."

I remember how I laughed at the idea; yet—this is the book.

CHAPTER I

SHINTO

"Fear the gods; obey the emperor"

In the mountains north of Tokyo lies Nikko, where the pilgrims and the tourists congregate. The pilgrims are there to venerate the great dead of Japan; the tourists are there to gaze in wonder at what happened when the artists of old Japan perfected their art in a setting of rarest natural beauty.

Near Nikko is a mountain lake, and on its shores is a Shinto shrine. Standing by its wooden gate (the quaint torii) and looking out over its blue waters embedded in mountains, Sedgewood and I reached the saturation point; for we had been absorbing beauty since earliest morning. He broke out, "I should give a whole State of our Union to have this carried to our side of the Pacific."

Our guide, who had come with us from Tokyo, smiled and answered, "Shinto has an eye to beauty, and Shinto has made Japan."

We sat down on some stones near by.

"I thought the Creator made Japan. Tell us how Shinto made it after him."

"Of the Creator we know nothing," answered our Japanese friend; "of Shinto we know much."

He stopped and pointed to some pilgrims. We could watch them through the open doorway of the shrine. Villagers they were of all ages and both sexes, dressed in the best they had and scrupulously clean.

"Simple enough, isn't it? An outer hall and an inner shrine; no idols—only some symbol of the presence of the divine, perhaps a mirror or a jewel; paper symbols of prayer cut zigzag and fluttering from a wand; no priest—only a layman with priestly vestments, there to receive the offerings and assist in the prayers. The pilgrims—

you can see them—are tossing their coins into the contribution box with wooden gratings on the top. Now they ring the gong by pulling on the rope attached to it, now the small jingle bell. See them clap their hands to draw the attention of the gods. They join their palms and bow their heads, uttering the wish or prayer that is in their hearts. Now they emerge again, laughing and jolly, to find their way to the next shrine. Sincerity of heart and ceremonial cleanliness are all that is required. Could anything be simpler or more beautiful in religion? Simplicity and beauty—that is the ritual of Shinto."

"But what are they worshiping?" I asked.

"What do you worship?" he answered.

"Do not make me answer now!" I begged.

"The point is that you and they are worshiping the same."

"Do not say that!" I urged.

"Listen, sir! Are you not worshiping the *power* in the universe of which you are a part? Power you call God; Shintoists call it Kami—gods and goddesses. Power—that is the quality that first demands attention and worship. You see power in nature, you see power in rulers, you see power in animals and men. Wherever power is manifested, there is an instinctive human response. You stand in awe and in a state of dependence on such power—is not that the heart of religion?—and that is Shinto."

"But I should like to know what I am worshiping, who it is that has the power," I objected.

"Of course," the Japanese responded. "And so man makes his theology and his mythology. You have yours; we have ours. To us supreme power is manifested in the sun, and we have the sun goddess Ameterasu-no-Kami, supreme in the heavens."

We looked up at the sun, shining so gloriously on this mountain scenery.

"Is that so foolish? Is not the sun the determiner of all human life—of daylight and darkness, of the seasons, of the weather, of the harvests? Is it not the source of all energy, of power? The day's activity begins with the sunrise and ends with the sunset. When the sun is gone, man sleeps; and sleep is only a form of death. Man's eyes

are made for sunlight, and his body craves the heat of the sun. So Japan is the land of the sun—the sunrise kingdom. Its flag is the sun banner."

Sedgewood broke in, "We put the stars in our flag, and the Moslems put the moon."

"You are colder people," laughed our guide, then went on: "Besides the sun we worship the power in the moon, the rain, fire, water, earth, the underworld, volcanoes, mountains, trees, animals, birds, snakes. The goddess of food is prominent also. Besides these there are many gods of the house and field.

"If you will go home with these pilgrims—and they represent the common run of Japanese—you will find in each home, as in all homes of the Far East, the 'god shelf,' where they keep the tablets that represent the divinities they revere most or the spirit of their ancestors. This is a Chinese custom we have adopted and adapted. In fact, our whole life has been made over, in the centuries gone by, from Chinese influences, just as now it is once more undergoing great changes because of influences from Western nations. On this god shelf our villager places the jars of rice whisky, the vases of flowers or twigs, and the little lamp lighted every evening. At the New Year's festival —our New Year's, not yours—straw ropes and cakes are added. To these shelf gods and spirits he claps his hands and bows his head and from these expects in return material blessings on his house, his fields, his family, and his person."

"What sort of gods and goddesses are they? Are they worth knowing?" Sedgewood asked.

Our Japanese friend laughed heartily. "You shall see. Our ancient books tell us many stories of these forces. Gods and goddesses they were to our fathers."

"And *are* to these pilgrims?" I asked.

"Yes, but much mixed with Buddhist influences."

As he spoke he drew a large book from his bag and opened it. "This is our *Records of Ancient Matters,*[1] completed twelve centuries ago, our most ancient Shinto scripture. It carries us back to the very beginnings of things."

[1] *Kojiki.*

He began to read and translate:

"So thereupon His Swift-Impetuous-Male-Augustness said, 'If that be so, I will take leave of the Heaven-Shining-Great-August-Deity [the sun goddess] and depart.' With these words he forthwith went up to heaven, whereupon all the mountains and rivers shook, and every land and country quaked. So the Heaven-Shining-Great-August-Deity, alarmed at the noise, said: 'The reason of the ascent hither of His Augustness my elder brother is surely no good intent. It is only that he wishes to wrest my land from me.' And she forthwith, unbinding her august hair, twisted it into august bunches; and both into the left and into the right august bunch, as likewise into her august headdress and likewise on to her left and her right august arm, she twisted an augustly complete string of curved jewels eight feet long of five hundred jewels, and, slinging on her back a quiver holding five thousand arrows, and adding thereto a quiver holding five hundred arrows, she likewise took and slung at her side a mighty and high-sounding elbow pad, and brandished and stuck her bow upright so that the top shook, and she stamped her feet into the hard ground up to her opposing thighs, kicking away the earth like rotten snow, and stood valiantly like unto a mighty man and, waiting, asked, 'Wherefore ascendest thou hither?' . . .

"But notwithstanding these apologetic words, he [His Swift-Impetuous-Male-Augustness] still continued his evil acts, and was more and more violent. As the Heaven-Shining-Great-August-Deity sat in her awful weaving hall, seeing to the weaving of the august garments of the Deities, he broke a hole in the top of the weaving hall and through it let fall a heavenly piebald horse which he had flayed with a backward flaying. . . . So thereupon the Heaven-Shining-Great-August-Deity, terrified at the sight, closed behind her the door of the Heavenly Rock-Dwelling, made it fast, and retired. Then the whole Plain of High Heaven was obscured and all the Central Land of Reed-Plains darkened. Owing to this, eternal night prevailed. . . . Thereupon the eight hundred myriad deities took counsel together, and imposed on His Swift-Impetuous-Male-Augustness a fine of a thousand tables, and likewise

cut his beard, and even caused the nails of his fingers and toes to be pulled out, and expelled him with a divine expulsion.

". . . So, having been expelled, His Swift-Impetuous-Male-Augustness descended to a place called Tori-kami at the headwaters of the River Hi in the Land of Idzumo. At this time some chopsticks came floating down the stream. So His-Swift-Impetuous-Male-Augustness, thinking that there must be people at the headwaters of the river, went up to it in quest of them, when he came upon an old man and an old woman—two of them—who had a young girl between them and were weeping. Then he deigned to ask, 'Who are ye?' So the old man replied, saying: . . . 'I am called by the name of Foot-Stroking-Elder, my wife is called by the name of Hand-Stroking-Elder, and my daughter is called by the name of Wondrous-Inada-Princess.' Again he asked, 'What is the cause of your crying?' The old man answered, saying: 'I had originally eight young girls as daughters. But the eight-forked serpent of Koshi has come every year and devoured one, and it is now its time to come, wherefore we weep.' Then he asked him: 'What is its form like?' The old man answered, saying: 'Its eyes are like winter cherries. It has one body with eight heads and eight tails. Moreover, on its body grows moss. . . . Its length extends over eight valleys and eight hills; and if one looks at its belly, it is all constantly bloody and inflamed.' Then His-Swift-Impetuous-Male-Augustness said to the old man: 'If this be thy daughter, wilt thou offer her to me?' He replied, saying: 'With reverence, but I know not thine august name.' Then he replied, saying: 'I am elder brother to the Heaven-Shining-Great-August-Deity. So I have now descended from heaven.' Then the Deities Foot-Stroking-Elder and Hand-Stroking-Elder said: 'If that be so, with reverence will we offer her to thee.' So His Swift-Impetuous-Male-Augustness, at once taking and changing the young girl into a multitudinous and close-toothed comb, which he stuck into his august hair bunch, said to the Deities Foot-Stroking-Elder and Hand-Stroking-Elder: 'Do you distil some eightfold-refined liquor. Also make a fence round about, in that fence make eight

gates, at each gate tie together eight platforms, on each platform put a liquor vat, and into each vat pour the eight-fold refined liquor, and wait.' So as they waited, after having thus prepared everything in accordance with his bidding, the eight-forked serpent came truly, as the old man had said, and immediately dipped a head into each vat and drank the liquor. Thereupon it was intoxicated with drinking, and all the heads lay down and slept. Then His Swift-Impetuous-Male-Augustness drew the ten-grasp saber, that was augustly girded on him, and cut the serpent in pieces, so that the River Hi flowed on changed into a river of blood."[1]

When he finished reading, our Japanese friend closed the book and looked gravely at us. We could scarcely restrain a smile."

"To you, perhaps," he said, "being men of another civilization, of a different origin, this means little. You may even smile. Yet these stories have furnished the themes of our artists and they have made us a martial people. Japan's prestige in war goes back to our earliest days. The spear and the sword are found in the early chapters of our earliest book."

"Like God, like people," commented Sedgewood. "Is it not always so? In the image of God created he man."

"Or, rather, 'In the image of man created he God,'" I suggested.

"It is true," the Japanese added. "The gods of Shinto live like men. 'They live and fight and eat and drink and give vent to their appetites and passions and then they die. . . . Some are rude and ill-mannered, many of them beastly and filthy, while others are noble and benevolent.' Their power is their divinity, not their moral character."

"Like gods, like people." Sedgewood repeated his comment. "So this, then, is all to Shinto?"

"By no means," added the Japanese, looking out over the lake. "Myths lift with the sun of further knowledge, but Shinto is not lifting from the fair land of Japan. It is more than mist or myth." He rose. "By your permission, yonder behind that little rise is a village, and in

[1] From B. H. Chamberlain's translation of the *Kojiki*.

the village is a school. Would you care to see the real Shinto—the Shinto which will last forever?"

His eyes were kindling with enthusiasm. We followed him with interest. Short though he was he walked with swiftness. We entered a courtyard, where boys of all ages —village boys—dressed in military uniform, were drilling with dummy guns. The girls stood about watching them with admiration.

Our friend turned to us. "All children in Japan of schoolgoing age are going to school. Within the next few years now there will be no illiteracy in Japan. They learn to read and"—he paused—"they learn to shoot. Or, rather, they are built into the army, into the scheme of home defense, from boyhood; so that the Japanese, like Britons, 'never, never, never shall be slaves' to any other race or nation."

"A nation of soldiers—is that Shinto?" Sedgewood asked.

"That is part of it, not all," he answered.

The drilling ceased, and the children passed into the schoolroom, leaving their shoes on a shelf at the entrance and putting on *zori,* or slippers. Black desks and benches were ready for them. The teacher, a young man, sat on his chair on the platform, with a large table in front of him. On the wall behind was a picture of the Emperor. To this picture all bowed in reverence together. Then, at the suggestion of our guide, the teacher recited to the children from the *Imperial Rescript:*

"Know ye Our Subjects:

"Our Imperial Ancestors have founded our Empire on a basis broad and everlasting and have deeply and firmly implanted virtue. Our subjects, ever united in loyalty and filial piety, have from generation to generation illustrated the beauty thereof. This is the glory of the fundamental character of Our Empire, and herein also lies the source of our education. Ye, Our subjects, be filial to your parents, affectionate to your brothers and sisters; as husbands and wives be harmonious, as friends true; bear yourselves in modesty and moderation, extend your benevolence to all, pursue learning and cultivate arts, and thereby develop intellectual faculties and perfect moral

powers; furthermore, advance public good and promote common interests; always respect the Constitution and observe the laws; should emergency arise, offer yourselves courageously to the State; and thus guard and maintain the prosperity of Our Imperial Throne coeval with heaven and earth. So shall ye not only be Our good and faithful subjects but render illustrious the best traditions of your forefathers.

"The Way here set forth is indeed the teaching bequeathed by Our Imperial Ancestors, to be observed alike by Their Descendants and the subjects, infallible for all ages and true for all places. It is Our wish to lay it to heart in all reverence, in common with you, Our subjects, that we may all thus attain to the same virtue.

"The 30th day of the 10th month of the 23rd year of Meiji.[1]

"[Imperial Sign Manual]
"[Imperial Seal]."

The children, standing, listened with silence and in reverence, their eyes downcast. Then all bowed low to the picture of the Emperor.

Having bowed to the teacher, we retired. Outside our guide turned to us: "That is Shinto! 'Guard and maintain the prosperity of Our Imperial Throne coeval with heaven and earth.'"

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"If you will sit down in this shady spot, I will explain." He drew his bag to him and opened it. "Will you listen to another story from the *Records of Ancient Matters?* No; I shall tell it rather than read it to you:

"The Central Land-of-Reed-Plains [main island of Japan] being now reported as peaceful, the heavenly deities sent His-Augustness-Heaven-Plenty-Earth-Plenty-Heaven's-Sun-Height-Prince-Rice-Ear-Ruddy-Plenty, who was a grandson of Her-Augustness-the-Sun-Goddess, to dwell in and rule over it. They gave him also the string of jewels and the mirror with which the Sun-Goddess had been allured from the cave into which she had retired, and also the herb-quelling-great-sword which His Swift-Im-

[1] October 30, 1890.

petuous-Male-Augustness had taken from the tail of the serpent, and they charged him, saying, 'Regard this mirror precisely as if it were our August spirit, and reverence it as if reverencing us.'

"Then His-Augustness-Heaven's-Prince-Rice-Ear-Ruddy-Plenty, taking leave of the plains of heaven and pushing asunder the heavenly spreading clouds, descended upon the peak of Takachiho in the island of Kyushu. And, noting that the place was an exceedingly good country, he built for himself a palace and dwelt there. And he married a wife, who was the daughter of a deity of the place, who bore him three sons, whom he named Prince Fire-Shine, Prince Fire-Climax, and Prince Fire-Subside.

"Now, Prince Fire-Shine was a notable fisherman, and Prince Fire-Subside was a hunter. Prince Fire-Subside borrowed his brother's fishhook and lost it in the sea. Prince Fire-Shine was angry and demanded his hook, and no other.

"So Prince Fire-Subside went weeping to the shore. There the Deity Salt-Possessor came to him and asked him why he wept. When told of the loss he built a boat for the Prince and, setting him in it, sent him to the palace built of fish scales, where dwelt the God Ocean-Possessor. 'Go, sit in the top of the cassia tree by the wall near the palace. The daughter of Ocean-Possessor will come to thee and tell thee what to do.'

"And so he did, and so came the maidens of the Princess to the cassia tree. They gave him water to drink in a jeweled cup. Without drinking he took the jewel from his neck and spat it into the cup, where it clung. The maidens bore cup and jewel to the Princess. The Ocean-Possessor went out and, recognizing Prince Fire-Subside, brought him into the palace, spread rugs of sea asses' skin and of silk for him, and made him a great banquet. He was married to the Princess and lived with her in her father's palace for three years.

"Then Prince Fire-Subside grew restless and unhappy. He had remembered the fishhook and his debt to his brother. Ocean-Possessor, summoning all the fishes of the sea, demanded which one had swallowed the hook. The fishes replied that the tai-fish had been complaining of

something sticking in its throat. When the throat of the tai was examined, the hook was found.

"So Prince-Fire-Subside returned on the head of a crocodile to his native land, gave the fishhook to his elder brother, and there subdued him by magic power. He succeeded his father and dwelt in the palace of Takachih for five hundred and eighty years. And he left as his successor his son, whom the daughter of the Deity, Ocean-Possessor, had borne him. And this son was in turn the father of Prince Jimmu, the first emperor of Japan.

"Thus you hear what every Japanese believes: the divine ancestry of the imperial line. For twenty-five centuries the descendants of the Sun-Goddess herself in unbroken line have ruled Japan, and their presence in this land is the assurance of prosperity and success. You sing in your land, do you not, 'Our God is marching on'? To us in Japan 'Our land is marching on because God—the divine—in the person of the Emperor marches with us.' We reverence him. We worship his divine-human ancestors for twenty-five centuries back."

"Shinto is patriotism under another name?" I asked our friend.

He nodded. "Every Shintoist is a patriot, and every patriot believes in the uniqueness of our imperial dynasty, like no other on earth, which shall last forever: 'coeval with heaven and earth.'"

"I thought you spoke of mists and myths rising in the sunlight of further knowledge?" Sedgewood began. But he had touched our Japanese friend where he was sensitive. I shall never forget the flash and the fire in his quick answer:

"The foundations of patriotism can never be myths."

I remember how we plied him with questions:

1. Is it well to mix religion and patriotism? Does not religion become limited and national? Does not patriotism carry along tradition and superstition that ought to be dropped?

2. Has Shinto really found God?

3. Are sincerity, cleanliness, and simplicity sufficient for religious worship? What more is required?

4. What is the relation of beauty to religious awe and devotion?

5. Is power the central thing in religion?

6. How can a Christian Japanese be a patriot?

7. Can any system such as Shinto check the spirit of nationalism?

8. Has it any check on immorality?

9. In what respects would Christianity change Shinto? What can Christianity add to Shinto?

CHAPTER II

BUDDHISM

"Sorrow and the uprooting of sorrow"

I AM not sure that I should recommend the method of our Japanese guide—Shotoku Mizuki—in introducing us to the Buddhism of Japan. He started us off as you start off those who are "it" in the game of blind man's buff—blindfolded us, turned us around three times, and gave us a push. In other words, he confused us utterly before he began to explain.

He let us wander from temple to temple, from monastery to monastery, from sect to sect, until we wondered how all this variety could be called by a single name: Buddhism. We were as small boys sampling the pantry shelf—jams, jellies, pickle relishes, syrups, vinegar, and preserves—and wondering why they all went together on the same shelf. Why not call *anything* Buddhism? Why not call *everything* Buddhism? Such was our state of mind when Mizuki laughed at us and brought us back to normalcy. Then—happy thought!—he took us the rounds again, and lo! the Buddhist chaos had become a Buddhist universe.

Our original route was somewhat thus, and over this same route he took us: first to the shrines and wayside temples, where we saw the gods of the people: Binzuru, god of healing; Jizo, god of those in trouble; Kwannon, goddess of mercy; the seven gods of luck; and many others. We easily realized that the masses of Japan were given over to Buddhism on its lower levels. Here we saw rank polytheism, where superstitions and crude imaginings filled the horizon of men's minds. The gods were real and worshiped without questionings. It was idolatry making no excuses or explanations. It was Buddhism descending to the levels of the ignorant, toiling masses, and remaining there, rather than lifting the millions into

higher thinking and better living. It was Buddhism playing the rôle of friend to publicans and sinners without changing the characters of the publicans and sinners. Buddhism had surrendered, lock, stock, and barrel, to what in other lands goes by the name of paganism.

From the popular Budhdism of temple and home we passed to the great Hongwangji, temple of the Shin Shu sect. Here went on loud and constant adoration of Amida Buddha—a legendary Buddha of long ages ago[1]—amid a constant coming and going of worshipers bringing offerings. They told us that all this worship was only an expression of gratitude to Amida, who had already saved them and had prepared for all who took advantage of his pity for mankind a glorious paradise in the far, far west beyond the setting sun.

From Shin Shu we were taken to a Shin-gon temple and monastery—utterly different. The service was in charge of priests elaborately dressed in ceremonial robes. Incense and candles and chantings and solemn intonations of the ritual reminded us of certain services in Roman Catholic cathedrals in Europe and America. We discovered much magic and much deep philosophy in this sect.

Then to a celebrated monastery of the Zen sect we went. Here again we were amazed. In the great meditation hall we saw salvation, not by idolatrous worship nor by pity of some Buddha nor by elaborate magical ritual, but by silent meditation. Around the room on a raised platform sat the monks, young and old. They told us salvation was to be achieved not outside of but within the mind. They were attempting to *realize,* not *any* Buddha without, but *the Buddha* within, whatever that might mean. We noted the look of calmness on their features. Many of the monks returned to active life to play their parts and do their duty in their respective stations in society.

So we passed to the temples and monasteries of many other sects, each with its difference; but amid them all resounded the life of the millions who went their way, receiving this or that from this sect or that, but on the

[1] Not the historical founder of Buddhism, who was Gautama the Buddha (500-480 B. C.).

whole toiling and suffering and smiling and fearing and preparing as best they could, with the aid of numerous gods and goddesses, Buddhas and saints, angels and spirits, for the heavens and hells that lie just over the brink of death.

Of course, we were confused. It was in one of the beautiful parks of Tokyo that Mizuki, a graduate of the Imperial University, to clear up our distress, gave us the two V's and the four E's of Japanese Buddhism. With these clues in mind he took us over the former route—to see again the Buddhism of the masses and the Buddhism of the monks, the big temples of Shin Shu and Shin-gon, and the meditations and intonations of Zen and Nichiren.[1]

"Gentlemen," said Mizuki, laughing as we sat together in the park, "the first lesson in Buddhism should be given by the eye, and not by the tongue. You should see before I tell."

"We have seen," I said, laughing.

"What have you seen?" he asked.

"Everything," answered Sedgewood. "Everything from a god of luck and a rope of hair to silent meditation on the Great Silence."

"Well answered," said Mizuki with evident delight. "The one *V* is well learned: *variety!*"

"Fifty-seven varieties," I whispered to Sedgewood.

Mizuki did not notice or understand the whisper and went on: "Variety! Buddhist tolerance is as wide as human thought. The label of 'Buddhism' is well-gummed and sticks to any surface. But the second *V* you have not detected. It is the secret hidden trade mark of my religion. You will find it underneath all Buddhist worship, all Buddhist sects, all Buddhist superstition, all Buddhist ways. It is stamped on every fold of the wide garment that covers a multitude of creeds and cults. It is the password of Buddhism since the days of the historic founder, twenty-five centuries ago. Nay, it is as old as the universe itself, for it is written into the very constitution of things and has been proclaimed by great religious teachers age after age, æon after æon, since time began. You have not seen it?"

[1] Japanese Buddhist sects.

He paused. All I could think of was volatility and volubility and vacuity, but I dared not pronounce these.

"No," he went on, "you have not seen it. You have with your Occidental eyes seen only externals—the hands and feet and head. The beating heart of Buddhism has escaped you. You Westerners have no X-ray keenness in your spiritual vision. All things must be chemically compounded before you see or feel them. You are a mechanical and a laboratory folk. You are a young race," he went on, "and have not come to the period of disillusionment. Buddhism is the religion of the disillusioned mind. Naturally you do not detect or understand or appreciate it. How can youth think the thoughts of age? Your Christianity is very well for youth as it steps briskly up toward the summit of life; Buddhism is better for races and individuals that have passed the summit and are conscious of the dark valley into which they are descending. Christianity is a religion of the morning hours in the life of races and of men; Buddhism is the religion of the evening. And evening, you know, always follows morning: disillusionment always follows hope."

"But the morning always follows the evening," I added.

"Only to be followed in turn by evening once again. It is the very point I am making."

"When you speak of evening are you speaking of death?" Sedgewood asked.

"No," he answered, "nothing so simple as that. Death is a mere incident in both religions—a bridge along the road of life. Christianity has only the one bridge between two lives (this and the next); Buddhism has many bridges separating and joining many lives—this life, those behind, and those ahead. A road, you know, usually has many bridges, for there are many streams in every land. No, it is not of death or deaths that I am speaking, but of the sad fate of youth. Youth is ever dreaming in terms of the enjoyment and the achievement of the future. Just ahead of youth always lies the land of fruition, where desires and ambitions are satisfied. And religions of youth, like Christianity, have also lying ahead some better age, some perfect state, 'some far-off event toward which the whole creation moves,' some kingdom of heaven, some

golden age when humanity shall be perfect and happy, some human brotherhood in the family of God. Is it not so?"

I nodded.

He went on, laughing. "That is why Christianity appeals to youthful peoples—peoples of youthful temper and mind, people who believe in plans and programs, in effort and activity. They are all drunk with the wine of life and think life is worth living (older people and older religions know better), they smile in pity at these religions of hope as sobered men and women smile in pity at the play of children who will all too soon discover that life is not a song nor a hymn, but a dirge."

I never saw Sedgewood more aroused. Mizuki was grinding on the central nerve of all his living. He burst into eruption like a volcano. "Do you mean that human life is not worth while, not worth living: that it is better not to be than to be, that to be alive is an evil and a curse, that all effort and activity are folly, that the game of life has no rules or goal or score, that business is only senseless busyness, that love and faith and courage are only empty bubbles that burst when age wears thin their soapy walls, that the daily round of home and office and church and shop is only a silly merry-go-round that makes you dizzy while it gets you nowhere, that the universe is joking when it makes us believe that life is progressive and good, that God is the Archjuggler and Sleight-of-Hand Artist who fools us by laying life's good in our hands, where our fingers close tightly over it, and then laughs as we open them to find ourselves holding only that which is evil and vain?"

Even Mizuki laughed with me at Sedgewood's vehemence.

"Mr. Sedgewood, you have yourself led us to the second *V* of Buddhism. It grows out of the age-long experience of humankind. *Vanity,* let us call it: is it not written in your own Bible, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity'? That is the heart of my religion. It allows variety of belief and practice and then transforms variety into unity. If variety is the circumference, vanity is the center of Buddhism."

Sedgewood was still stirred up. "You said Buddhism

was the religion of the evening, when the day's failures and disappointments and disillusionments become increasingly apparent as the darkness gathers. To me, rather, it is the religion of the darkest midnight; for have you not blotted out with your clouds of gloom and your fog of vanity even the moon and the few stars that might have comforted you until the morning broke once more?"

"Not quite so fast, Mr. Sedgewood," answered Mizuki earnestly. "No religion can survive without light and life. Do you suppose Buddhism could hold the allegiance of one third of the human race if it spoke no message of peace or comfort to the human heart? Do you suppose it would have been passed on century after century and age after age at great cost if it had no gospel of a morning following the night? But our morning is very different from your morning." Mizuki went on, and we let him talk.

"Buddhism emphasizes the evil of life in order that it might escape from that evil. Christianity does not sufficiently recognize the evil. To you, with your personal Father-God, the great evil is *sin;* to us, without any personal God at the center of things, the great evil is *ignorance.* Man thinks this world is the *real* world, but it isn't. This is only the world of change and filled with sorrow due to change. The real world has no change, nor has it sorrow."

"Nor senses?" asked Sedgewood, who was following closely.

"It is beyond the range of the senses too, for changing matter has no place in it. It cannot be described. All human nouns and verbs and adjectives are useless, for they are fitted only to describe the limited human experience of this lower world of change and evil. It is not this and not that. Ignorance of it holds us to this world of change, with its many lives and many deaths and much sorrow. Knowledge of it releases us into that world, changeless and real."

"When happens then?"

"Who can tell? Only this: there is no rebirth into life such as we know here and now. That is all we know. We escape from sorrow and—"

"Achieve what?"

"Who can tell? Call it Nirvana, as some Buddhists call it, or call it Buddhahood, as others call it: it is perfect knowledge of what can't be described."

Sedgewood smiled at him.

"Your morning, then, breaks not on this world of change, as our morning does, but in the world without change, where it is neither morning nor night; in the world that is above all distinctions and differences."

"Well said," answered Mizuki, laughing. "We could easily make a good Buddhist of you."

But Sedgewood had a question ready. "Where, then, do your gods and Buddhas and all the rest you worship, your heavens and hells, come in?"

The answer was very simple. "They all belong to the world of change and have their temporary religious value. But the world of change is the world of evil and of ignorance. It is a tossing ocean, and all life as we know it—in men, in animals, in gods, in Buddhas—is only foam that forms and disappears upon its surface. Beneath the ocean and about the ocean is land, eternal and unchanging. As to what that land is, as to whether you can call it God or god or some Buddha or another, the sects differ. But human adjectives, like 'good' and 'evil,' 'personal' and 'impersonal,' 'knowing' and 'unknowing,' 'conscious' and 'unconscious,' are adjectives that can describe only the phenomena of the tossing ocean. They have no value for the unseen land. Can the unborn child describe the glories of Fujiyama, our sacred mountain?"

We were still confused, for we were discovering it was not easy to understand a religion that went so far in its range of worship and practice and at the same time went so deep into the inmost desires and motives of men. It was very evident that Buddhism was a huge snowball that had gathered up everything in its course through the centuries from India to Japan, yet all this mass was undoubtedly held together by some cohesive force. The snowball was not a sweeping but *a ball*. Mizuki made one more attempt to rescue us from our confusion.

"Let me put it this way," he said, his face attractive in its expressiveness. "You are accustomed to the figures and analogies of the West and not of the East. Let us

see if we can make, say, a solar system out of Buddhism. I am not talking to Buddhists, who would take exception here and there, but to Westerners, who—you will pardon me—are as yet in the kindergarten of religion."

"'Kindergarten' is the right word," I encouraged him.

He went on. "Let us call Buddhism the earth, with its many continents and lands and islands. That will allow for its variety—for southern and northern Buddhism, for Japanese, Chinese, Korean, Mongolian, Tibetan, Siamese, Burmese, Ceylonese, and all the rest. It will allow for all the sects that differ so widely. In Japan we have twelve main sects, with fifty-five subdivisions. It will allow for the popular cults—of spirits and demons, of superstitions and magical practices, of heavens and hells. It will give place for the enormous and often contradictory literature of Buddhism. We have more than five thousand books in our Japanese sacred canon."

He paused. "I have it," he continued. "Let us call them the four E's of Buddhism."

"As the earth is surrounded by a layer of atmosphere which all men of all continents and countries and islands breathe, so is the atmosphere of Buddhism the *evil* in human living. We breathe into our spirits constantly the sense of the *evil* of being. Of that we have been speaking, and that is what sets the average Westerner on edge." He smiled, looking at Sedgewood.

"The earth has an axis on which it revolves. Let us call the axis of Buddhism *effort*. Only by effort one escapes the evil, and the gospel of Buddhism is a gospel of effort.

"In most sects the effort is put forth individually. Every man for himself works out his own salvation. In some sects, however, it is the effort of a Buddha (usually Amida Buddha) which delivers from the world of evil. He has made the effort on our behalf, and we accept freely his merit as our own. By accepting his effort we escape. So we have salvation by faith in another.

"So great is the effort required to lift oneself from evil in the world that moral and mental and spiritual muscle must be built up, and only the monk can do it. Only the monk has time and energy for it. Therefore, all laymen

and all women must seek deliverance in some future existence unless, as in the Amida sects, a Buddha out of mercy and pity rescues them.

"*Evil, effort*—what is the third? *Error*—that is the orbit of our earth. Round and round we go in a circuit of error, thinking life is real, and desires are real, and conduct is real, and evil is real. But this is all error, due to ignorance. In the universe of the *real* there are no systems or system. Nothing is joined, and nothing is separated."

"Stop," I cried. "I am getting dizzy. Things are real enough to me."

"Just because they are unreal," he answered, trying to explain.

"And the fourth *E*?" I hastened to ask.

His face lighted up. "Is the sun, which draws the earth ever nearer and nearer—the sun of *enlightenment,* of fullness of knowledge, of life without error or ignorance or desire or passion, of life that is whole and unbroken, not split into individualities and actions, that knows nothing of time or space or any separate existence. Enlightenment! It is the Buddhist gospel in its glorious consummation. Into the sun of enlightenment we would all be drawn, to become at last Buddhas, or enlightened beings."

"Buddhas?" I asked. "Can any man become a Buddha?"

"Yes, by paying the price," he answered, "but it is an enormous price. There are orbits nearer and nearer the central enlightenment. Man does not attain suddenly. He must perfect himself in self-control and knowledge, then he must seek to perfect others by teaching and preaching the Buddhist law; and so, gradually, life after life, orbit after orbit he comes, if there is no flaw nor flagging in his effort, to the final and perfect enlightenment, where evil and effort and error are no more. He is then swallowed up forever in the blaze of perfect knowledge."

"I should call that cremation, not enlightenment," observed Sedgewood.

Mizuki took no offense, only smiled.

"You men of the West ought to be called the Orientals —men of the rising sun. We are the Occidentals—men

of the setting sun. In the morning men want action. Your perfect man is the saint; our perfect man is the sage. The saint goes about doing good. He is a busybody; the sage closes his eyes to the world and, relaxing every organ, lets himself rest in the bliss of the silence of knowledge."

"I see it!" I cried. "Your statues or images of Buddha —I understand them now. They are different from our pictures of Christ in our church windows."

Mizuki nodded and replied. "Yes, the two seek different things in different ways."

And then he laughed, and his mocking laugh was to me a better revelation of the spirit of Buddhism than any of his strange words.

"But there is no real difference between them. They are equally true and equally untrue. Neither the Buddha nor the Christ is of any real consequence. That which is real and true is far removed from human thinking and human living—as far as the sun above us is removed from the tips of my fingers. We can never reach reality and truth while we are what we are. Therefore, what difference do differences make? Why worry over differences?"

Mizuki's Questions

1. Do differences in religion make, after all, any great difference? Is not tolerance a virtue rather than a weakness?

2. Does not the world need a religion that stresses the evil of life? Is not Christianity too hopeful of the future? (And Mizuki quoted to us Browning's "God's in his heaven: all's right with the world.")

3. Why do you Christians put such emphasis upon the value of personality? By insisting on preserving your own personal identity do you not cut yourself off from real growth and progress? Why be a bush when you can be the essence of all trees? ("What do you mean?" I asked. He replied, "By riding around cramped within the little cart of your own personal identity how can you see or acquire the total universe?")

4. You accuse Buddhism of catering to the fears and

superstitions and idolatry of lower minds; but is it not better to feed men according to their powers of digestion and assimilation? "Milk for babes and meat for strong minds." How can you expect the masses to grasp the higher teachings? Is not polytheism better than atheism? Is it not better to believe in crude gods than in no gods at all? Does not Christianity adapt itself to the level of men's minds and to their stage of development?

Our Questions to Mizuki

1. Does not Buddhism unfit Japan for life in the twentieth century? How can vanity and business keep company?

2. Why have most of the thinking people of Japan already turned away from Buddhism? Is not this a condemnation of your religion?

3. Does not your failure to emphasize personality deprive you of strong personal leadership? ("Japan has strong leaders," he answered quickly. "But they are not Buddhist," I replied.)

4. Is not your Japanese Buddhism "Japanized"? Is it not thoroughly nationalistic? Is it not suspected both in Korea and China? Has it not been militaristic? What check can it place on Japanese ambition or pride?

5. Cannot the program of Jesus be made attractive to men on all levels of human life and so do away with any system of accommodated truth? ("Is it done?" he asked on hearing this question.)

CHAPTER III

CONFUCIANISM

The Superior Man

We left Japan by way of the Inland Sea. Who can think of anything else when in that passage? But when the *Search* cleared the straits of Shimonoseki, Sedgewood took the wheel, exclaiming with ardor and enthusiasm: "Now for Mother China, from whom came civilization to the Far East. Am I right, Mr. Lu?"

We had aboard a young Chinese student who had completed his course of study in Japan and was ready to return home. By Sedgewood's invitation he joined us as our guest on the *Search*. He stood with us beside the wheel. "It is not for me to boast, Mr. Sedgewood. China will lie open before you. If you think Japan wonderful, what will China do?"

"Probably flatten us out by the weight of its mass, its antiquity, its size, its vast population, its resources in fields and mines and rivers and variety of scenery and climate and language. You see I know a little already. But it is the religious life I want to see with all this other background. You are a Confucianist?"

"I am," Mr. Lu answered, "and proudly so. To see Confucianism I shall take you to three places: to Peking, the capital, to see or, rather, to imagine Confucianism as it was; to my own home town, where you will see Confucianism as it is; and to the tomb of Confucius in Shantung province, where you will feel the power of the personality and message of China's greatest teacher."

"To make a Confucianist of me?" I asked Sedgewood, laughing.

"No, sir; for the genius of Confucianism is the genius of China, and no foreigner can quite catch or feel it. You will never wear Chinese dress; for you are not born to it, and it feels strange upon you. So, likewise, you can never quite put on Confucianism and have it fit. It

is of Chinese cut. But, sir"—and he looked at Sedgewood seriously—"I hope you will see enough of Confucianism never to again call a Confucianist a heathen."

And we did indeed. Sedgewood and I here record that we found more preparation for the teaching of Jesus in this old Chinese religion than in any other non-Christian religion in all our travels. Somehow it is easy for us to believe that Christ came to fulfill the law and the prophets of China.

But for Mr. Lu, our returning guest, we should have had trouble in really finding Confucianism. We found Chinese religious life all atangle. In the life of the Chinese people and in the lives of individual Chinese the threads of Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism are woven in and out, almost inextricably, so that the average Chinese is Confucianist, Taoist, Buddhist, all in one.

As Mr. Lu put it, "When a Chinese is thinking of the visible here and now he is Confucianist; when he is thinking of the invisible world about him he is Taoist; when he is thinking of life after death he is Buddhist. For his ethics and morals he goes to Confucianism; for his mysticism and magic to Taoism, and for his preparation for heaven to Buddhism. Each fills a shelf in the cupboard of his religious nourishment, and none excludes the others."

But for this clue we should have been hard put to it to find Confucianism as a religious system, to disengage it from the others.

At Peking, the capital, Mr. Lu took us in rickshas out to the old Temple of Heaven on the southern side of the city—the principal shrine of Confucianism in all China. Far more interesting than the temple itself was the huge round altar of white marble lying open to the sky. There it lay in three concentric tiers, diminishing in size, one above the other, with marble balustrades richly carved and with steps leading from one tier to the other. Silent and deserted, it was already showing signs of ruin and decay. On the top of the altar we sat down.

"Tell me: do men no longer worship here?" I asked.

"No," he answered sadly, "there is no priest remaining who can perform the service."

"What?" we asked in surprise.

"You see, the emperors of China have been the high priests of Confucianism since time immemorial. Only an emperor could conduct the ritual worship to high heaven. Now there is no emperor; only the president of the republic of China."

"Why not he?"

"You see, gentlemen, the republic of China is patterned on your republic, and Confucianism is no longer the state religion. The president is not and cannot be the high priest of any religion. Confucianism as a state religion has not done as other state religions in other lands: it has not had its own special priestly order—its archbishops and bishops and canons and priests and holy men. It was combined with government, and the officials served as priests. When the religion was disestablished, Confucianism as a *system* of worship came tumbling to the ground."

"Like Humpty Dumpty it has never been put together again?" I asked, and Mr. Lu nodded with a smile.

That day, sitting on the ancient altar, Mr. Lu led us in imagination back to the days of China's imperial power and glory. We lived over that one supreme ritual service which came once a year on the night of the winter solstice, when the emperor, in robes of the color of heaven, with attendant princes and dignitaries of state, under a canopy of blue silk made the proper offerings, libations, and gifts to the supreme deity—Heaven—and to the spirits of his imperial ancestors. Solemn music and hymns accompanied the entire ceremony. The effect of the whole must have been overwhelming.

But that has passed away, and what abides of it all in every Chinese heart is this: recognition of a just and all-knowing Heaven, supreme over all, creator and provider, which knows every thought and every action of every man and which rewards and punishes according to the good or evil of the thought and action. A host of ministering spirits carries out this Heaven's just decrees.

"Is not the Chinese Heaven our God?" Sedgewood asked.

"That is for you to determine," answered Mr. Lu. "Our ancient literature is filled with references to Heaven. In

the earliest literature Heaven is often spoken of with qualities of personality. He thinks, he speaks, he acts; but, as in all the East personality slips easily into impersonality, so in the later literature the personal Heaven becomes the impersonal Heaven, which cannot be defined by human speech: 'something not ourselves that makes for righteousness.' Heaven is not everything, but Heaven itself we do not know. Yet our faith holds to righteousness as the end and standard of our universe. We know that righteousness is the warp of this universe, over which Heaven presides, and he who weaves the threads of evil into it will be cut off."

On the great plain of China, in the rich province of Honan, we came to Mr. Lu's home as honored guests. Chinese hospitality is unbounded. We found that the elder Lu, the father, was an official magistrate—I think it was—and lived in a Chinese home of the better sort. Not only an official but a scholar, like all officials of the old school he had entered the ranks of officialdom through the gateway of successful examination in the old classical literature of China. He was a Confucianist of Confucianists, and in his home we saw the strength and glory of the real Confucianism.

"Sir," we said to him as we sat in the courtyard of his home, "we are pilgrims from the West."

"Seeking what?" he asked with dignity.

"To enter into the faiths of mankind, that we may know what men believe and how they worship and how they conduct themselves in daily living in accordance with such belief and worship. We come in no spirit of pride but as humble students in the great University of the World."

"Sirs" (I am giving it as the younger Lu gave it to us in translation; I wish we might have had it in its dignified picturesque original), "China is the land that makes reverence its religion. We reverence Heaven, we reverence parents, we reverence ancestors, we reverence old age, we reverence the sages and emperors of the past. As Confucianists we stand and sit and walk and talk, not as men who are free and loose, but as men who are bound—bound in heavy chains of responsibility to those who have come

before us and to those who shall come after us. We are only links, and it is not for any link to say to itself, 'I live unto myself,' but, rather, should it say, 'The length and strength of the entire chain are dependent on me. If I lack in virtue, then the generations that have passed suffer loss in me, and the generations that are to come suffer loss in me.' Can I light-heartedly be responsible for such loss to those that are my betters? No, I must do my duty in my place—to my ancestors and to my descendants."

Sedgewood interrupted him. "By putting such emphasis on reverence to others does not the individual man suffer? Is it not loss if you give yourself so unreservedly to your family interests?"

"What loss?" the older man asked, surprised.

The younger Lu added quietly: "It has preserved China for forty centuries and will preserve China in strength for another forty centuries and more. Where is old Greece, with its emphasis on individual freedom? Gone! Remember, the Jews and the Chinese, the two ancient peoples that emphasized reverence and family responsibility, survive to-day in strength."

"Strength?" I asked, willing to take up the argument. "Where is China's strength to-day—confused, distracted, torn between warring factions, an easy prey to foreign powers?"

The younger Lu smiled. "Yes, all that is on the surface of Chinese political life; but deeper down beneath the lashing waves China's strength is unbroken. The social nexus binding men together in families and clans is unbroken. It is a close weave and will resist the heaviest of strains put upon it. What handful of invaders could break the solidarity of some four hundred million people held thus together? When reverence, with its social insistence, departs from China, we shall despair, and not until then."

"Sirs," he continued, "it is just here that we fear and suspect Christianity, your religion. There is too much of the Greek in it—too much individual freedom, too many *whosoevers* calling for individual action. It breaks up family loyalties and reverence."

Here Sedgewood registered a protest. "I do not understand Christianity so."

But the younger Lu stepped inside and returned with a small volume carefully marked. "Listen to this from the lips of your Founder: 'If any man cometh unto me, and hateth not his own father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple' (Luke 14. 26). 'Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father. But he said unto him, Leave the dead to bury their own dead' (Luke 9. 59, 60). 'Think ye that I am come to give peace in the earth? I tell you, Nay; but rather division: for there shall be from henceforth five in one house divided, three against two, and two against three. They shall be divided, father against son, and son against father; mother against daughter, and daughter against her mother; mother in law against her daughter in law, and daughter in law against her mother in law.' (Luke 12. 51-53.) China can never be Christian, sir," he went on with vehemence. "Such words, when read aloud, are like torches applied to our ears. They are intolerable to Chinese consciences. They break up the family, on which all welfare depends."

"Yet there are many Christian Chinese," I said. "Why?"

It was here that the older Lu, not understanding the argument going on in English, spoke with gravity. The son bowed his head reverently and became once more the interpreter: "Our religious practice consists but of two things: veneration of ancestors and living the moral lives that satisfy ancestors. Will the gentlemen listen to an incident of family history?

"When my honorable father, whose spirit has been elevated to the ranks of the departed spirits, was a young man he built this house. In building it he determined to impress upon me his son the virtues I should practice. So he built first in its place the family altar and the shelf for the tablets of the spirits of departed ancestors of three preceding generations. Daily he himself instructed me in their worship and in the offerings, the incense and the candles. 'Their welfare is dependent upon your piety, and your welfare is dependent upon their good will. Be virtu-

ous and filled with filial devotion. When the lesson is learned, we shall build further.'

"I learned the lesson. Boylike, I was eager to see the rest of the house go up. Then my honorable father said to the carpenters, 'Build now a room called kindness,' and they built the room with suitable decorations and carvings.

"'In this room we shall live—you and I—until we learn kindness,' said my father to me. 'Kindness is the first of the five constant virtues. The ancestors are pleased with kindness. Heaven too ordains kindness. No family can prosper without kindness. Let the son be kind to the father, the father kind to the son, let brothers be kind to one another, younger to older, and older to younger; let friends be kind, let wife be kind to husband, and husband be kind to wife; let all inferiors be kind to superiors, and superiors to inferiors. Thus will life be normal and without evil.' So I learned the lesson of kindness, for, boylike, I was eager to see the other rooms go up.

"Then said my father to the carpenters, 'Build next to kindness a room of justice. In that and in kindness we shall live until the boy learns the ways pleasing to ancestors.' The room was plainer and not so comfortable. 'Kindness without justice,' said my father, 'is like food without salt.'"

The younger Lu interrupted here. "Your Christian 'Love your enemies' is too impractical. It destroys society. How much better and more practical are the Confucian rules! 'Do not do to others what you would not have them to do to you' and 'Kindness to the kind and justice to the others.'"

But the elder Lu went on. "When my father had taught me two of the fundamental virtues he proceeded to the third, and this room was central in our house: propriety. 'Be respectful to all, be reverent toward parents, be dignified in person. To be loud-mouthed and boastful is to be a fool. Courtesy, modesty, humility—these are jewels that outshine the ruby, the sapphire, and the emerald. Wear them about your person. Put them on every morning when you go forth from this room.' I remembered.

"And so the fourth room was added: wisdom. 'Son,' he said to me, 'the superior man loves wisdom and seeks it at great sacrifice. The wisdom of the ancients is the best wisdom, for men have degenerated since the days of the great sages—kings Yao, Shun, and Yu, who stood near the beginnings of things and understood the ways of Heaven.' So I studied and learned the ways of the ancients and found it the way of righteousness and wisdom. 'Let not the nation count wealth as wealth; let it count righteousness as wealth'[1]—such is their wisdom.

" 'Build now the fifth and last,' my father ordered the carpenters, 'and build it so that it looks into all the others.' They did so. Then my father called me and explained. 'This is the room of good faith, of sincerity. The insincere, the dishonest, can have no kindness, justice, reverence, or wisdom in their lives. This holds all virtues together like the drawstring of the purse.'

"So, sirs, I learned the Confucian virtues—these five and many others—all the righteousness extolled by the ancient classics. But yet my father was not through with me. He had four lions turned and carved out of wood and painted—of fierce expression—to terrify me as I passed by them and set them in the four corners of the courtyard before the entrances to the rooms.

"When I inquired why these were set to terrify me, my father answered: 'Son, there are the four vices that destroy the five virtues. Therefore, beware of them!

" 'This one is wine—see how his tongue curls over his lower jaw. This one is woman, who, when she seduces, destroys. This is covetousness, largest of all and therefore most to be feared. And this last is wrath, from whose fangs the superior man keeps himself free.'

"This is the house, and in this house I and my son here [he smiled happily as he spoke] have been trained in the Confucian virtues."

"It is a splendid training," I answered, "but in it all where is God?"

"Heaven?" he asked. "Reverence toward Heaven and worship of the ancestral spirits—that is the religion of the Confucian home. We are never familiar with Heaven

[1] From the "Doctrine of the Mean."

nor with the ancestral spirits. It is enough to reverence; what return they give is their affair."

"But where does Confucius come in?" I asked, for his name had not been mentioned in our long conversation.

For real answer the younger Lu took us on the long journey to the tomb of Confucius, not many miles from the sacred mountain Taishan in the holy province of Shantung. All the art of Chinese architecture has been lavished on the temple that contains his tablet. The main building consists of two stories. The upper veranda surrounding this "rests on gorgeous marble pillars twenty-two feet high, and about two feet in diameter, which at a distance appear as if huge dragons were coiled around them and hanging from the top. . . . The tiles of the roof are of yellow porcelain. . . . Inside the building is the image or statue of Confucius, . . . about eighteen feet by six feet, and is lifelike. Confucius was tall, strong, and well built, with a full, red face, and large and heavy head. . . . On the tablet is the simple inscription 'The most Holy prescient Sage Confucius—His Spirit's resting place.'"[1]

"Why do we honor him?" asked Lu. "Because he is China's model sage and gentleman. China at her best is seen in him. He is China's wisest and noblest son. His virtues are the virtues we honor and desire. As for any faults, we find no fault in him. Our religion is called by his name because he is the great teacher who sifted the religion of the ancients and preserved for us what is best in it. To him more than any other we owe our moral code of which my father told you. He is our Moses, yet he got his code of laws not from any God but from the fathers of our nation. He ascended by long study into the mount of their lives and conduct and brought down to us their virtues. So has China been preserved through the centuries. We have honored our fathers and our mothers, both living and dead, and our days have indeed been long in this land which Heaven gave to our people."

That same day we ascended the sacred mountain of Taishan near by—one of the earliest spots of Chinese wor-

[1] From *Journeys in North China*, Williamson, quoted in *Confucianism and Taoism*, Douglas, page 161.

ship. Here the three religions of China minister to the hosts of pilgrims that come slowly by the long flights of steps to the summit. It was the land of the beginnings both of Confucianism and of Taoism. Our conversation was earnest on that old mountain top. As on the altar of Heaven in Peking, Lu was deeply affected by the religious past of his race.

"Sirs," he said, "we Chinese shall never get away from the influences of our old religions and our ancient teachers. Climbing the steps of modern knowledge, many will leave behind them the religion of their fathers, but many more of us will continue to find in Confucius and his great disciple Mencius the inspirers and correcters of good morals. If we can be loyal to what they gave us, our long days in this land are not yet at an end."

But we were full of questionings:

1. What beliefs and practices of Confucianism have become difficult for you to hold after studying modern science?

2. Can you adjust ancestor worship to modern knowledge?

3. Can a man be good without depending on God to make him good? Is the nature of man good, as you claim, or is it evil? In other words, can Confucian morality work itself?

4. Is it wise to put the golden age behind you, and not ahead of you? Is it not dangerous to talk of the "good old times"?

5. Have you rightly understood Jesus' conception of the family and filial loyalty to the family?

6. To what extent does it prove the inadequacy of Confucianism that Taoism and Buddhism have also entered deeply into Chinese religious life, even among Confucianists? What are these lacks in Confucianism?

CHAPTER IV

TAOISM

Mysticism and Magic

Our introduction to Taoism, the second of the three religions of China, came the fourth day after landing in China. In fact, it came while we were on our way to the home of Mr. Lu. We had stopped for the night in a small town and were adjusting ourselves to spend an uncomfortable night in a Chinese inn when the fun began.

We were startled at first; for it sounded like a fire alarm, a riot, a circus parade, a Ku Klux Klan ceremony, and a Fourth of July celebration all rolled into one.

We leaped to our feet and threw on what clothes we had removed. Mr. Lu soon appeared to reassure us: he was laughing heartily at our nervousness.

"It is only a Taoist devil-expelling procession," he laughed.

"You are sure we foreign devils are not the ones they are expelling?" I asked meekly.

"By no means," he answered, still smiling. "You foreign gentlemen are dangerous enough to Chinese life and institutions; yet you are visible, and it does not take Taoist magic to drive you out."

We were dressed by this time and ready for the big, noisy show.

Mr. Lu apologized for it, his tone changing from gayety to soberness. "We are a superstitious people. Like pigs the masses of our people wallow in the mud of superstition. We believe anything, everything, in the line of superstition. Never was there such a people—never.

"Yet, gentlemen"—he stopped suddenly, and a light shone in his eyes—"we are superstitious but not gross. In our religious life we do not transgress the laws of decency. We are never nasty. Our literature is clean. There is no need for expurgation. You will see nothing

to-night which will offend your eyes; you will see only that which will call forth your pity that human folks can descend so low in ignorance of the world in which they live."

"Is this Taoism?" I asked.

"Yes and no," he answered. "Taoist priests feed and fatten on Chinese superstition. They will be the directors of the ceremony to-night. They will cast forth the devils by their magic, assisted by the crowd. Yet the real Taoism is something deeper than mere superstition. Taoism clothes itself in the garments of magic, yet it is itself not magic but mysticism. Later I shall explain. See, here they come, turning the corner."

It was a sight to behold—literally hundreds of Chinese engaged in frightening devils. They were not all of the poorer classes, either.

Mr. Lu spoke once again, and sadly. "If China were half as diligent in protecting her interests from greedy, grasping foreign governments and business concerns as she is in protecting them from unseen spirits, we should not be to-day the pitiful spectacle we are in the eyes of the world. Some day we shall learn."

"But not to-night, I hope," Sedgewood answered in excitement, "for this is interesting."

The procession had come up with us as we stood in the doorway of the inn beside the narrow street. Images of gods, seated in chairs or palanquins, were carried on men's shoulders. The crowd surrounded and fell in behind them, shouting, calling, firing blank cartridges from old guns, setting off firecrackers (big and small) in numbers to deafen any ordinary pair of ears, beating drums and gongs and cymbals, and carrying tablets and banners. No football celebration in America ever excelled this. Torches and lanterns were carried to furnish light.

Taoist priests were there—many of them. We saw them, in full ceremonial dress, trot up and down between the gods and among the people, ringing little handbells, blowing horns, swinging swords and even axes in the air. All the while they shouted their magical formulas, which had power to cast out what devils were still clinging and had not been loosened by the noise.

We smelled the incense in the air, which added to the weirdness of the scene.

Several men were cutting themselves with knives and shouting while the blood flowed down their backs and limbs.

For several hours the procession wended its way in and out of the narrow streets. Then all grew still again. The devils of disease or evil had been driven off, and the people could now go to their homes and rise in the early dawn to go about their daily tasks once more. Sedgewood and I also settled down to take advantage of what was left of the hours of darkness and of sleep.

The next morning Sedgewood made the strange request of wanting to talk with the Taoist priests who marched and danced in the procession. "I should like to prick their minds. I should like to know what goes on in the inside while they dance on the outside."

"I think it can be done. I shall inquire," said Mr. Lu. And it was done.

The man we found for our purposes was an old man with long, scraggly beard and bleary eyes.[1] Yet he was not without intelligence. In the courtyard of his half ruined temple we sat, and through Mr. Lu we tried to "tune in" on his thoughts and emotions. They were all strange to us, yet we were able, even with our Occidental minds steeped in Occidental associations, to see that even for a superstitious Chinese Taoist "there's a reason."

As we "tuned in" we found that his wave length was a yearning for a life of blessed immortality.

"Yes, we all believe in dying and going into some happy state"—and I spoke of the Christian heaven and the Buddhist heavens.

But he shook his head. "Not that," he answered. "It is not the casting off of this body, as a snake sheds its skin, but a transmuting of this body into that which cannot die. Take an almond tree: the almond nut is not always hard. Gradually it hardens until the fingers of man cannot crush it. It is transmuted—changed—by its own inner process.

"Now, the ancients knew the secret," he went on, "and

[1] See *Asia*, November, 1924, page 848.

many of them passed into immortality without undergoing death. By the elixir of immortality they grew into deathlessness, and the fingers of death could not crush them."

"Where are they now?" I asked.

"In the changeless regions—in the blessed state."

"What are they doing?" I asked.

"Doing?" he looked up surprised. "Doing? Why should they be doing? There is no peace in doing. Doing brings restlessness, anxiety, fever, weariness. They are not doing."

"Then they are in the state of not-doing?" asked Sedgewood. "Is immortal life then lifelessness?"

"Nor not-doing," answered the old Taoist. "They neither do nor not-do. Life there is, but no effort. That is peace."

"Strange peace," whispered Sedgewood to me. "Evidently we are too Occidental to appreciate the unstrenuous life."

"It is like this," the old man interrupted us: "there is no strain in the world about us. What effort do the clouds put forth?" He pointed, and we looked up at the glorious blue sky. "The morning comes without noise or striving. The sun sets without anyone hearing it. The stars come out silently, shine, and disappear again in silence. The deeper the river, the more quietly it flows; only little brooks babble and make a noise. The greater the wisdom of the sage, the less frequently he speaks; only little minds have much to say. To be effortless—that is wisdom."

"I cannot understand that point of view," answered Sedgewood. "The world and all in it would go to pieces if no one did anything. That would be the lazy man's paradise."

The Taoist priest looked solemnly at us. "I have heard that men outside the Middle Land cannot understand the wisdom of our sages. Listen: does all man's striving alter the orderly processes of nature? Can we not trust nature to perform its offices without our aid? Should we not, rather, fall in with nature and make our lives harmonious with nature? Nature does not strain or strive, yet nature

acts. Nature is good; therefore, let nature have its way in us and through us."

"Is not that a dangerous teaching?" I asked. "Will it not lead men to follow their appetites—to eat, drink, and be lustful?"

"No," he answered, "nature is not proud. Water always takes the lowest levels. Therefore, the wise man, living according to nature, will be humble. Without effort he will take the lowly station. Nature is not extravagant: the wise man will practice economy. Nature is bountiful and kind: the wise man will be kind, forgiving all injuries. Following nature will preserve morals."

The old man's eyes were clearing as he spoke. "The wise man who follows nature will take no stock in government or politics or trade or war or study, for all these imply effort. They are therefore unnatural and bring only evil into the world."

"Why, then, this straining and noise and effort of the devil-expelling procession we saw last night?" Sedgewood asked, calmly.

Mr. Lu, the interpreter, smiled and whispered to us, "Does not every religion have its own peculiar inconsistencies?"

"Just like every person I know," I added.

We watched the old man's face, but no confusion was apparent.

"There is much evil in the world. This is not the realm of the immortals. Sages are become few. To attain to wisdom and to immortality one must practice the virtues of inaction, one must worship the men who have attained to the blessed rank of the immortals, one must discipline this body by perfect control of the breath and the limbs, and one must by ceremony and magical words gain mastery over the spirit world by which we are surrounded.

"Spirits are everywhere," he went on, waving his hand. "They are given to action, and by action are they held in check. The Taoist studies their activity and influence and so aids the people to live their lives in peace and quiet. The Taoist studies the land—mountains and plain and valley—and so discovers the fittest places for burial where

the spirit influences are favorable. The Taoist picks out lucky days for journeys or weddings or any enterprise. He picks out lucky sites for dwellings. He shields the people from the demons of water, of the ground, of mountains and forest, from the spirits of the unburied dead, from souls of animals and trees and plants and objects of every sort. He brings the good spirits into play. He worships the gods of the land and retains their favor and he prepares charms and spells that check the depredations of the evil. In short, the Taoist is the servant of his people."

The old man fell into a silence from which we could no longer shake him. As we returned from the ruined temple, walking through the fields, we discussed with Mr. Lu many questions of great interest:

1. Why do men believe in ghosts and specters and spirits?
2. Is there anything in luck?
3. Are superstitious people ignorant people?
4. Is there any hope in Taoism for bringing the people of China out of their present confusion and distress?
5. Can Taoism and modern science come to any terms?
6. How much truth or value is there in the doctrine of inaction, or quietism?
7. Can sincere men be inconsistent in their beliefs and practices?
8. Is there in the human heart a deep yearning for immortality, or is it merely a tradition that is handed down from generation to generation?
9. Is the emotion of fear which Taoism excites conducive to wholesome living?

CHAPTER V

HINDUISM

The Roads to God

It was at Hardwar, in north India, where the sacred river Ganges bursts through its last Himalayan barrier on to the great level plains, that I gave up, disheartened, my attempts to understand this strange religion men call Hinduism.

We had been all over India looking at this great system of Hinduism. We had seen the great Gopuranus, the pyramidal temples with elaborate carvings of gods and goddesses, found in south India. We had followed the car of Jagannath, Lord of the World, rumbling along the crowded roads of Puri with its hideous black-faced idol with round-moon eyes. We had seen goddess worship at its worst in the province of Bengal and sickened at the bloodshed and the superstitious fear. We had been at Benares, the Holy City (holier than all others) and had there watched the worship of the awesome Siva, god of death and reproduction, his crude symbol covered with flowers and leaves and drenched with Ganges water by throngs of half-clad men and women. We had seen at Muttra and Brindaban, on the almost equally sacred Jumna, the emotional excesses in Krishna worship—Krishna of amorous disposition, who played cruel pranks with the maidens who herded cows beside the river bank. We had seen innumerable little village shrines with red flags attached to bamboo piles. We had seen hermits sitting in deep meditation by rivers and in groves, monkey worship and snake worship, the universal reverence for the bull and the cow, the pilgrimages and the festivals filled with light and life and noise and color, the worship of stones, of evil spirits, of ancestors, of deified men and women, of godlings and gods and god and God. And now, at Hardwar, we watched by sunrise men standing up to

their breasts in the sacred river while they held their hands in worship to water, sun, and mountains.

I turned to Sedgewood. "The more I see of Hinduism the less I understand. I can get my head into Hinduism but I can't get Hinduism into my head. Tell me, have you solved it?"

Sedgewood shook his head. "Only one thing I can see clearly. If Paul were in India to-day he would begin his speech in just the same way he began it in Athens. I can hear him, standing here and saying to these bathers in cold mountain water as they rub and dip themselves and pour the water from their hands, 'Sirs, I observe at every turn that you are a most religious people.'[1] I know now that it is true that 'India is incorrigibly religious.' "

"But what is Hinduism?" I pressed my question.

Sedgewood parried it. "What Hinduism *does* is this: *it makes men religious,* which cannot be said of every religion."

"But I can't see any order or system to it at all. Men seem to do anything, everything. They are good and bad, vile and pure, silly and wise, brave and timid, careful and reckless—and call it all religion."

My face must have shown something of my puzzled state of mind, for a well-dressed young Hindu, speaking perfect English, stepped forward, bowing his head with the palms of his hands together in respectful salutation.

"May I be of assistance to you gentlemen?" he ventured.

Sedgewood and I welcomed him heartily.

"We are Westerners, Americans, trying to understand an Eastern religion. My friend here is already discouraged. He is like a hen trying to collect her chicks. All the diverse phases of Hinduism will not come together for him and be a flock. He is consequently distracted. See how worried he looks!"

We all laughed, our Hindu friend most of all.

"You men of the West are so queer," he said in a high voice. "You will pardon my saying it? You go up and down the earth trying to classify everything, trying to bring everything together into a system, trying to under-

[1] Moffatt's translation of Acts 17. 22.

stand by arranging in order. Out of nature you make science, out of your reasonings you make logic, out of your daily tasks you make business, out of your religion you make theology and church."

"Are there no such things in Hinduism?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, "but we do not lay emphasis on them. The Hindu mind *enjoys* ideas rather than organizes ideas. When we find a beautiful thought we take it and live in it. When you find a thought you attach it to another thought and then to another, and soon you have it related to a system. We are dwellers; you are builders. Of course, we are inconsistent according to your standards; but religion *means* much to us. You are, according to your standards, more consistent; but what does religion *mean* to you in daily living?"

Sedgewood turned to me. "Now ask your questions."

But the Hindu went on. "You men of the West remind me of postal clerks, always sorting and tying up; while we men of India give ourselves to the reading of the letters that come into our hands. Each letter has its own message, its own enjoyment. What do we care whether they are in order or not? We reread those we like and throw away the rest. Each man among us, you see, has his religion according to his tastes. Isn't that sensible?"

"Then Hinduism is impossible to understand?" I ventured.

"No," the Hindu answered. "Take that man sitting under that pipal tree yonder in quiet meditation, and take that other man dancing in praise of his god, whose image stands before him, or take this man who has bathed and now comes out of the temple, having given his handful of wheat or rice to the god and bowed his forehead to the floor—they believe different things but they are all Hindus. They have certain things in common. In other words, you can collect the scattered chicks if you give the right calls." He laughed.

"They are scattered, all right," I put in.

"Why not?" He looked at me with an earnest gaze. "Look here, sir; I shall open my inner thoughts to you even though you cannot understand them."

I did look at him—and saw his eyes aflame with eager-

ness. He was the ardent champion of the faith of his fathers, thrown on the defensive by an invading, inquiring, searching civilization that wanted *proof,* and whose motto was "Reality." Somehow I was already in sympathy with him as he began:

"Hinduism, sirs, is not a manufactured product but a growth. It is like an ancient tree, which, through the centuries, has put forth many branches. It has its higher branches that lift toward the sky. It has its middle branches that hold a nice adjustment with heaven and earth. It has its lower branches that droop toward the ground. Every branch is an expression of some urge, some need, some want, some desire. What man needs or wants or desires he reaches for. Who shall say that that reaching is not natural or human? If God has made us as we are, then it is God reaching in us and through us to higher and lower things.

"You will find, sir, that these branches, so different in shape, so different in level, so different in their tendencies, are all of them reaching, not after the material things of this world, but after God. So Hinduism is the visible expression of age-long searchings after God. Every wish creates a deity to correspond, some god to satisfy the wish; every fear creates a deity to correspond, some god to protect from evil. There are thus higher gods and lower gods—higher gods for man's higher wishes, lower gods answering to his lower wishes and his fears. Is it not God helping man to find him through the desires and fears which he has planted in them?

"Now, take that ascetic sitting motionless under yonder pipal tree. Watch him a few moments. He scarcely breathes. To him God is everything. There is nothing but God. God is the universe. There is no universe, but only God. He can say nothing about God, for to him God cannot be correctly described by nouns or adjectives or verbs. God is beyond human understanding—as he puts it, 'beyond the reach of thought or prayer.' He cannot measure the water of the river by letting its water trickle down his fingers drop by drop nor can he measure God with the words of any language. What is he trying to do, sitting there like some image carved out of soft, brown

clay? He was not born sitting cross-legged in that meditative attitude. No! By sacrifice and suffering he has brought himself to become a *sannyasin*—a renouncer. He has given up occupation and home and wife and children and caste and possibly wealth."

"I wish I had his story," I interrupted.

"You will never have it," answered our friend. "It is buried forever in silence. He has given up all companionship and intercourse with fellow men, he has given up books and religious ceremonies, he has all but given up food and dress and shelter. He lives on the margins of mere existence. He is pledged to silence for years. Why?" He stopped, and we looked at the silent, motionless figure under the pipal tree. Then his eyes blazed as he answered his own question:

"God! To find God! He is reaching after God. Behind those closed eyes he is concentrating all his attention on God. He is focusing all his other thoughts on one big thought: 'God is All. There is nothing else but God. I am not I. God is I. God is All.'"

"What will he do when he finds God? It seems to me that there will be nothing worth finding when you have dropped off all nouns and verbs and adjectives from God."

"Cannot you understand, sir?" pleaded the Hindu. "What does the drop of rain care for its drophood? It is a separate drop only for a moment—while it is falling from the sky. It was not a drop in the ocean; it was merged in the ocean and had no separate existence. The sun drew it up, not as a drop, but as moisture. It was in the cloud, not as a drop, but only as moisture. The moment it became separate—achieved drophood—it fell, and its drophood was dashed to pieces. It became water and as water found the river and then the ocean again. All separate existence is unnatural and unreal both for drops of water and for souls of men. Nouns and verbs and adjectives belong only to these unreal separate existences. Do not apply them to God, from which we come, to which we go, of which we are always a part."

I drew a long, sharp breath, as if I had stepped into cold water. The Hindu did not notice it and went on:

"Or take that man dancing before the image of his

god. See him go around and around in ecstatic emotion, beating his little drum and singing as loudly as his voice will permit. What a contrast! Yonder beneath the tree is quiet; here is motion. Yonder is silence; here loud singing. Yonder is meditation; here dancing. What is this man doing? Has he lost his wits? No. He too is finding God in his way. To him God, however impersonal he may be ultimately, has a personal side. God is like the moon—dark, always dark, on one side of his being; and bright, dazzlingly bright, on the other side. That ascetic under the pipal tree yonder thinks only of the dark side, and this man is thinking of the bright side. To him God is personal. He can name him with a name: Vishnu, Narayana, Rama, Krishna Bhagwan. This man is a *bhakta.* His God is a Father, loving, kind, gracious, who demands the devotion of a son, not a servant. God cannot be reached by climbing stairs of merit nor by works performed at temple or home. The poor fellow wants God but cannot reach him, so lies helpless and sorrowing. But God sees him lying there and takes pity. He lets down the ladder of his grace and calls, 'Climb to me'; and the man climbs to God. While he climbs he sings of the greatness and goodness of God and of his loving devotion to God. God saves him out of his distresses and brings him to his own dwelling. There he will dwell with God forevermore, not thinking at all of himself, but only of God. He will be intoxicated with God forever—drunk with the emotion of finding himself near the feet of his God. Just as with the ascetic the 'I' goes out of his life, not into the limitless ocean of the unknowing and unfeeling one, but forgotten and lost in the ecstatic joy of union and communion with God, his Beloved."

I turned to Sedgewood. "That is all very well for the mystic but not for the man with a practical mind. I should prefer to do something else than to sit forever at the feet—"

Sedgewood interrupted me. "Frank, have you never read, 'Mary seated herself at the feet of the Lord to listen to his talk. Now, Martha was so busy attending to them that she grew worried. She came up and said, "Lord, is

it all one to you that my sister has left me to do all the work alone? Come, tell her to lend me a hand"'?[1] Evidently India is Mary, while you and I are of Martha's line."

"No." It was the Hindu who spoke. "We have the Martha mind in Hinduism also. It is another branch of the ancient tree. See that man coming forth from the temple, having made his gifts and his prayers. He has bathed and worshiped and is now clean, both outside and inside. To Siva Mahadeva, to Hanuman, to Ganesa, to Vishnu, to other gods and goddesses, he does his puja worship here and in many other temples and shrines. To him God is not One but many. He has not limited his devotion or his thought. His worship is expansive, not intensive. Why not? The world he sees is varied. Many forces are at work—wind, air, sun, fire, earth, and water. Human life about him is not one but varied—king and priest and artisan and merchant and farmer. So God is varied. There are gods and goddesses of many ranks and many forms and many natures. You smile at his funny idols, with their many heads and arms. Hanuman has a monkey head, and Ganesa has an elephant head. It is really nothing to smile at. What the image says to him is this: 'The gods are greater than man and have their own forms and features.' That is what he thinks of as he touches his forehead to the floor before them. Do you not think the same of your God? Have not your great painters dared to picture your Almighty?

"So this man makes his adjustments to the elements of nature, to his fellow men, and to the world of gods, then goes about his daily tasks. Life to him is a round of birth, toil, marriage, death, with various heavens and hells, through which he passes to other lives of birth, toil, marriage, and death. He, Marthalike, waits on the various gods but meanwhile keeps the work of the house and field going, lest his children should starve.

"And then this poor fellow sweeping the steps of the bathing ghat below us—look at him! He is an outcaste, an untouchable. He does not enter the water at the temple, yet he is Hindu too. Ask him about God. How should

[1] Luke 10. 38-40, Moffatt's translation.

he know God's name or nature? Enough for him to keep the various little godlings and spirits and demons that hover about his life and home in good temper. So he sets out his offerings of rice and milk and worships under his trees at little mounds of clay or brick and gives himself to his broom and basket.

"So you see, sirs, in regard to God in Hinduism you may take your choice. We quarrel with no man in regard to belief. Is not such tolerance the right attitude to take in religion? Why should we limit God to just one expression of himself? You see him as one: why may not I see him as many? You see him as three in one: why may I not see him as one in three—the one Brahman in three great gods of our Hindu triad: Brahma, Vishnu, Siva?"

"Sedgewood, you answer him." But Sedgewood nudged me to keep silent, for the Hindu was still talking:

"And the same tolerance is seen in our Hindu roads to salvation. You say in your Christian New Testament (I have read it carefully and accept all that it says)—"

"And still remain Hindu?" I asked him, much surprised.

"Why not?" he answered. "I may believe anything and remain Hindu. It is the very point I am making.

"Now, your New Testament says that there is only one road to salvation: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved.' 'And in none other is there salvation: for neither is there any other name under heaven that is given among men, wherein we must be saved.'" He smiled. "You see, I can even quote your Scriptures.

"But Hinduism says, 'As there are many thoughts man may think regarding God, so there are many roads to the great city of salvation.' Take the one that lies nearest to your village and is easiest for your feet. If you would reach the ocean follow *any* river, go by way of the Indus or the Ganges or the Brahmaputra. They all empty into the same India Ocean. So, if worshiping according to old rituals or sacraments or temple services pleases you best, that is the ancient *karma marga* (the road of works), which has led many to salvation; if philosophy combined with discipline of body and mind please

you more, that is the *juana marga* (the road of knowledge), which saints and holy men have traveled to their deep content; but if you have no time nor heart for the more difficult ways of works and knowledge, then there is the easy path of the *bhakti marga,* in which love and devotion to the God of your choice will lead you to his city. Go about your tasks but love him with a whole heart and sing his praises, and he will provide. Like the little kitten hanging from its mother's mouth or the little monkey clinging to its mother you will be carried to salvation.

"So when I see a man traveling the *karma marga* while I am on the *juana marga* I do not shout at him: 'Sir, you are bound for the city of destruction. Unless you go my road you will surely perish.' I merely call to him: 'Brother, I wish you well. May you arrive in good time, and so may I.'

"And so it is, sirs: I like your Christian road to salvation and I like the roads of my Hindu fathers. They all lead to God. It is a matter of taste and sentiment. For me, I have more assurance for the journey through this life to see the signs of my father's feet than to follow the strange milestones and directions on the road your fathers followed."

"I think I understand," said Sedgewood with sympathy in his voice, "yet I would answer you on that point."

"Not now," I interrupted him. "Let him tell us first where the unity in Hinduism comes in—the *'E pluribus unum'* of it. Hinduism appears to me like many religions—like a museum rather than a tree."

The Hindu smiled. "You have said it rightly, sir. Hinduism is indeed not one religion but a group of religions. But the group is tied together by three elements in common: one a tradition, one a general belief, and the third and most important is a way of living. The tradition and the general belief might conceivably be left behind, though it is hard for Hindus to think of such a thing; but the way of living, never. It is the heart of Hinduism in all its forms, it is the body as well as the heart, it is the bark of the tree through which the sap runs. Girdle the tree, and Hinduism dies."

"What is it?" I inquired eagerly.

"Be patient," he replied, "and let me ask three questions of Hindus who are passing us along this road. They live on various levels of Hinduism, but you will find they all give similar answers to my three questions."

He stopped an old man with red-quilted cotton jacket and turban of coarse cotton cloth—an interesting old man of dignity and means: "Mian, tell me, should cows be killed?"

The old man drew himself up in anger and replied with heat: "Do you make sport of me before these sahibs? No Hindu should think the thought, let alone put it into words." He started to pass on, but our young friend stopped him.

"Mian, forgive. This other question comes to my lips. Are you what you are because of what you have been?"

"I do not understand," the old man answered.

"Is your happiness or misery in this life due to what you have done in previous lives?"

The old man's face lightened with understanding. "Assuredly," he answered. "According to the sowing, so is the harvest. I sow good deeds and reap the good effects in many lives to come. I sow evil deeds and eat the bitter weeds of sorrow and sickness until they are all consumed."

"One more question, Mian. Of what caste are you?"

"Thakur," he answered proudly.

"Were you born thakur?"

"Assuredly. I became man and I became thakur at the same birth."

"Can you eat or marry with lower castes?"

Offended at the question, he started off again. "You are witless or jesting."

"No, Mian. These are Americans searching the paths and customs of Hindus."

The old man opened his eyes at the word and spoke without further questioning:

"Tell them that in Hindustan we eat and marry only in our caste and according to caste rules. By caste we preserve our purity of breed. If we break caste rules, then the world goes black for us—no home, no family, no friends, no occupation, no food, no water, no sun, no air. Death is no relief, for the breaking of caste rules is the

worst of sowings and brings in lives to come harvests and harvests and harvests of evil. But is there no caste in America?"

The Hindu interrupted him by stopping another—evidently a peasant from the country, wearing only a loin cloth and turban and carrying his shoes over his shoulder on a bamboo staff. "Mian, do the Hindus in your village kill cows?"

He folded his hands. *"Tauba!"* he answered. "There is no such wickedness among us."

"Mian, when your body is burned beside the river, will they burn your soul also?"

"How can they, sir? It goes on to the next existence, happy if it has done good, unhappy if it has done evil."

"Do you still keep caste in your village?"

"Sir," he answered, "the sun still rises every morning over our fields and sets every evening over our river."

"There," answered our Hindu friend. "Shall I question more of them?"

"No," we answered, "we see the stamp of the '*E pluribus unum*' on all the various coinage of Hinduism."

That night in our room Sedgewood and I discussed the consequences of such a religion. There was much argument between us. Some of the questions we raised were these:

1. Can the caste system and any system of constitutional democracy live together? For democracy implies brotherhood and cooperation.

2. In any such social system as caste is it well to have religious leadership (the Brahman priests) at the top? Would it not be better to give precedence to the landowners, the merchants, or even the soldiers or artisans?

3. Can Hindus live on so many different levels in this twentieth century? Must they not be held to greater consistency of thought and practice? How about consistency among us?

4. How can Hinduism, which stresses the other world to such an extent, adjust itself to our modern civilization, which emphasizes this world? Has Hinduism anything to give us here?

5. What is the meaning and value of personality? Is Hinduism or Christianity right on this point?

6. Is it well to make all of life a religious matter?

7. Can such freedom of belief be allowed in any religion without disaster?

8. What is the danger of making God too human in his characteristics? What is the danger of not making him human enough?

9. Is Hinduism right in making no great chasm between human life and other forms of life, animal and vegetable?

10. Why may not each human soul have lived in previous existences and pass on to other future existences?

11. In what ways would Christianity alter or add to Hinduism?

CHAPTER VI

MOHAMMEDANISM

"There is no God but Allah"

When Sedgewood and I outlined the voyage of the *Search* we put Mohammedanism in Western Asia and planned to study it there—at Bagdad or Cairo or Damascus. We did not expect to run on it in China or in the Philippines or to see it in full strength in Malaysia and the island world of the East Indies. We were rather taken aback to learn in India, where we saw Mohammedans in great numbers everywhere, that India has the largest Mohammedan population of any country in the world—sixty-seven millions of them, a full quarter of all Moslems on our planet. So it was that by the time we reached the Mohammedan lands of Western Asia and North Africa (Persia, Irak, Arabia, Palestine, Syria, Turkey, Egypt, the Sudan, Tripoli, Algeria, Tunis, Morocco, and the rest) we were fairly well acquainted with its ways and workings.

Of pleasant experiences with Mohammedans that with Abdul Razaq stands out perhaps most clearly in memory. He was a student in one of our Christian colleges in north India. When Sedgewood had spoken to the students on "Industrial Life in America," he came up to ask questions. The questions ended in an invitation to visit him during the holidays in his father's home, some fifty miles away. The American professor, standing near Sedgewood, nudged him vigorously to accept. Never shall we cease to be grateful for that nudge.

When we arrived we found ourselves on a large estate, for the father of Abdul Razaq is a nawab of great wealth and influence. The buildings were palatial, according to Indian style, and richly furnished with rugs and bolster cushions and curtains and divans, but lacking entirely many of the conveniences and necessities so essential to

Occidentals. It took us some time to adjust ourselves to Oriental opulence and hospitality.

Of hospitality there was no limit. An army of servants stood on tiptoe, ready for our lowest whisper of command. We ate the richest of Indian foods, sent to our rooms, in variety and quantity sufficient for gourmands of voracious appetite and most exacting taste. We spent hours in the beautiful gardens that surrounded the house—gardens where flowers of every sort and hue bent to the ground with their weight of beauty and perfume, and where fountains splashed, and birds of all colors and song came and went as if the place were made for their delight.

The father and uncle of Abdul Razaq we saw many times and had with them many delightful conversations. We were surprised to discover how human Orientals really are. The mother and sisters, of course, we never saw nor dared we ask after them; for they were housed in the female apartments, to which no strange men are ever admitted. We could see enough to know that they were given secluded gardens of their own in which to walk and, but for the fact that they were shut off from the world, might otherwise be happy.

We confided to Abdul Razaq and his father and uncle the purport of our trip around the world. They were greatly interested and thought the idea an excellent one.

"If only all Europeans and Americans could do the same, how few would be the misunderstandings between us!" the father observed with feeling. Then he added, "Abdul, see to it that the gentlemen have *every chance* to see and know Islam."[1] Then his old eyes winked with laughter. "We might make Moslems of them if you do it well."

The uncle took up the laughter. "We are not ashamed of our religion, as you shall see; for we hold that we have God's latest and most complete revelation to humankind. Religion, you know, is like a successful book: it comes out in successive editions, with revisions and additions. So we claim that the religion of Jesus revised and replaced the religion of the Jews, and that similarly the religion of

[1] Note that Mohammedans speak of themselves as Moslems, or Muslems (Musulmans), not Mohammedans; and of their religion as Islam, not Mohammedanism.

Mohammed has revised and replaced the religion of Jesus. Islam, coming later in time, has corrected the errors in Christianity and given the world at last a perfect religion."

It was therefore at Abdul's suggestion that we drove in a big motor car to the Friday-noon service at the big mosque in the neighboring city.

"We might go any other day," he explained, "for the mosque is never closed to those who come for worship there; but on Friday at noon, according to the word and example of our Prophet Mohammed Sahib (upon him be Allah's peace!), all believers are expected to assemble for common prayer and to hear the Scriptures read and expounded. I hope you gentlemen will not object to having your shoes removed."

We looked up in surprise.

"At the entrance to the mosque, I mean," answered Abdul laughing. "You would not have me enter your Christian church with a fez or turban or hat on my head?"

We got his point. "As you say," we answered, smiling.

He hastened to reassure us. "Only your shoes, and we shall put slippers over your socks. You may keep your hats on, for according to us it is irreverent to approach the Deity with shoes on our feet or with uncovered heads. Do you not remember Moses at the burning bush? 'Verily I am thy Lord: therefore pull off thy shoes; for thou art in the holy valley.'"

"Where did you get that?" I asked; for the incident was familiar, but the wording strange.

"From the *Koran Shari,* our sacred scripture. It has in it stories of Adam and Noah, Abraham, Ishmael, Isaac and Jacob, Moses and Aaron, David and Solomon, Ezekiel and Job and Jonah, Mary and Jesus."

"Are the accounts the same as in our Bible?" asked Sedgewood.

"They resemble the stories in the Old Testament of the Jews and Christians, yet they are different. They tell the stories more accurately." He smiled.

"Why do you say that?" I asked.

"Because the Scriptures of Jews and Christians have become corrupted. Passing through the hands of copyists,

changes have crept in and ruined their value as Scripture. The Koran is perfect. You never read in its margins, 'Some ancient authorities read thus and so.' It is as given by Mohammed, who in turn received it from Gabriel the archangel, who in turn recited it from the eternal and unchanging Book that rests beneath the throne of Allah in the highest heaven."

Sedgewood broke in. "You say the Koran is eternal, that it has always existed?"

"Yes."

"That it was written long before Adam and Noah and Abraham and the rest whose lives it recounts lived? How can you write a man's biography before the man even begins to breathe?"

Abdul smiled. "That is not difficult for Moslems to understand. Is not each human life and all human life through the centuries planned by God? This motor car in which we ride so easily was in the mind of some man —every nut, bolt, and cog of it—before it was drawn on paper or fashioned in steel. The designer saw it running long before its engine or wheels were visible to any human eye. Is God less than man? Is not God great enough to know and to determine even from eternity (for time is nothing to him) every act and thought and motion of all these little human machines that run along the roads of life?"

"Do you mean," I added, "that man does nothing of himself and by himself, that God is the motor that drives everything in the universe, even the human will?"

"Would he be God if he did any less?" replied Abdul.

"Am I then nothing but a little marionette, jumping and dancing and working and dying as God pulls the strings?"

Abdul grew strangely warm in his reply. "Gentlemen, our religion has only one great teaching—simple, sublime, profound. Everything else in our religion is determined by it. Our scriptures and all our literature are filled with it. The very name of our religion, our whole attitude toward life, and our conduct in life are regulated by it. It is the beginning and end of all religion. Because of it our religion can never die. Because of it Islam will become at last the one perfect, universal, undying religion."

"You are getting us very curious," said Sedgewood softly.

When Abdul spoke, it was as one inspired. His voice was resonant with deep emotion. The strength of Islam rode on his strong words. "Let me give this great fundamental teaching of Islam, not in my own weak words, but in the words of the Koran itself. 'God! There is no God but he; the Living, the Eternal; nor slumber seizeth him nor sleep; his whatsoever is in the heavens and whatsoever is in the earth! Who is he that can intercede with him but by his own permission? He knoweth what hath been before them and what shall be after them; yet naught of his knowledge shall they grasp save what he willeth. His throne reacheth over the heavens and the earth, and the upholding of them burdeneth him not; and he is the High, the Great.'"

I remember the impression those majestic words made upon us. It was as if some tidal wave had rolled in over us, sweeping away our objections and criticisms. In the full-toned Arabic we heard them first and then in their English translation. Abdul saw the impression he had made and smiled.

"You see that in order to preserve the *almightiness* of the Almighty it may be necessary to sacrifice the *mightiness* of man. This Islam does with joy and wonder, and the Moslem *surrenders* his will to the sovereign Will above him. In humility he bows his neck to every decree of fate."

"But that is fatalism with all its consequences," I hastened to interpose.

"What consequences?" answered Abdul sharply. Then he added, "It is religion with the only God great enough to command reverence and worship. Take your choice," he went on. "Detract from God and give man the power to control his own destiny, and what happens? You land your world in chaos, for the motor of the human will breaks down on the heavy grades of life; or you land it in irreligion, for what do men care for a God who has no control over them, who may be pushed aside except when his name is used as an expression of sentiment? Is not this the trouble with your Western civilization?"

Sedgewood began to sing softly, "Our fathers' God, to thee." I stopped him.

"But Islam keeps God in control all the while. God not only makes the world go but he steers it as well. Nothing is too great and nothing is too minute for his steering. Like the law of gravitation, which works alike in the star and in the atom, so God's word controls and commands everywhere and everything. And it is all for our good—if we accept and trust his control—for he is the Compassionate, the Merciful. Islam is the religion that accepts God's control of his own universe."

We would have interrupted, but he went on: "Our grievance against Christianity lies just here. You have tried to lessen the glory and power of God by 'adding gods to God,' by compelling him to share his dignity with others. You have attempted to break up the supreme, ineffable Unity into a Trinity. You would damage the Godhead by lifting against his will (so says the Koran) the greatest of prophets, excepting Mohammed, to share the throne of the Almighty."

"You mean—"

"Isa, as we call him; you call him Jesus. To Isa all honor! To us he is the son of the virgin Mary, the Teacher, the Miracle Worker, the sinless One. We await his return from heaven, whither God lifted him before his enemies could put him to a cruel death. But to compare him with God—'they surely are infidels who say, God is the third of three.' "[1]

I saw Sedgewood's face moving and knew that he was preparing to answer Abdul; but before he could reply, out over the city, from the tall minaret beside the mosque, rang out the call to prayer. It seemed to fill the air and was most stirring:

> **"God is great, God is great!**
> **God is great, God is great!**
> **I bear witness that there is no God but God,**
> **And Mohammed is his prophet.**
> **Come unto prayer!**
> **Come unto salvation!**
> **God is great!**
> **There is no God but him."**

[1] Koran.

I have always been grateful for the conversation just recorded, for it helped me to understand that Friday service. Hundreds of barefoot Moslems crowded into that open courtyard, shoulder to shoulder, facing the holy city of Mecca in far Arabia (birthplace of Mohammed and sacred city of Islam). The mosque was bare of all furniture—no carpets, no seats, no desk, no railings, no altar, no organ, no stained-glass windows or even windows at all, no pictures, no carvings. There were no hymnbooks, no copies of scriptures, no music, no singing, and no choir; just an inclosed courtyard, partly covered at one end, a clean floor for men to stand and kneel on, and within the covered space at one end a few bare steps on which the preacher might stand to expound some passage of scripture at this great service of the week. That was all. It was impressively simple.

"God to us is so great," said Abdul afterward, "that all human attempts at creating a setting and atmosphere for worship are silly. Why adorn ourselves or our places of prayer unduly? In the presence of his sublimity all human arts and adornments become tawdry and out of place. They attract attention to themselves and thus detract from worship. How easily prone men are to worship their own creations and fall away from God!"

Simplicity reigned not only in the accompaniments of the service but in the service itself. The prayers consisted of standing and bending and kneeling and falling forward face to the ground, all the time repeating in Arabic, each man to himself, the simple ritual prayers learned in childhood and passed on generation to generation from Mohammed's day. It was perfectly timed. Following the leader who stood before them, the worshipers stood, bowed, and kneeled at the same instant. The prayers completed, they listened to a passage from the Arabic Koran, recited from memory rather than read, and to an explanation in their own language from the lips of him who had led them in the prayers.

Sedgewood and I, from a corner of the mosque, where we were alone and unobserved, watched in silence. We could not understand the "sermon," but by the increasing tenseness of expression on the faces of the hearers we

knew that religious zeal and fanaticism were being skillfully aroused.

When all was over, I whispered to Sedgewood, "I think I understand the *strength* of Islam."

"And its weakness too," answered Sedgewood.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

But Abdul came up, the fires of religious emotion still burning in his eyes.

"You see, gentlemen, how wise was our prophet. See how he has knit the hearts of believers together in fraternity. In the weekly service of the mosque, praying in unity, our hearts are welded together in the cause of religion. To the one God in the same words and with the same motives, shoulder to shoulder, rich and poor, proud and humble, learned and ignorant, well-born and ill-born, we pray. Fortune or color make no difference to us; we are one brotherhood. We have no prejudices against intercourse, interdining, and intermarriage; for what are differences of birth or color in Allah's sight?

"This sense of fraternity is greatly heightened by the pilgrimage to Mecca, which each Moslem is expected to perform once in a lifetime. At Mecca one sees fellow Moslems of all lands and races. Going through the religious ceremonies with one another, we realize the universal character of Islam and come back prouder than ever of our Moslem birth and faith.

"And, gentlemen, you see how large a place prayer has in our religion. According to Mohammed, 'Prayer is the key of paradise.' Every Moslem prays five times daily wherever the hour of prayer finds him. Cleansing himself and finding a clean spot to pray in, he goes through the prescribed *namaz*. Each man in his own place worships the Almighty without help of priest or congregation. Prayer, too, gets us to our feet before sunrise and keeps us in remembrance of the Almighty until the darkness closes in. Thus, we begin, continue, and end the day with thought of God. Does your faith do as much?"

Before we could reply, he went on:

"Not only prayer but the recital of our simple creed keeps us ever mindful of the Creator. 'There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is the Prophet of Allah'—it is

a pious deed to repeat it frequently. You Christians shun the name of God and use it sparingly in ordinary speech. Thus you become forgetful of God's greatness. We, on the other hand, have no such scruples; but while we speak much and seemingly lightly of the Almighty in ejaculations and oaths and ordinary conversation, it is never with irreverence. The very thought of irreverence chills a Moslem heart and stops its beating."

We were now well out of the mosque and walking through the bazaar, or market. Trading was lively. Suddenly Abdul stopped before a stall where watermelons were being sold. With an oath—we could hear the resounding "Allah" in it—the trader declared the proper price.

Abdul laughed and turned to us: "You can see how a Moslem can even lie using the name of the Almighty, yet he means no disrespect to the name."

When we were seated again in the big car, Sedgewood broke out in questions:

"Abdul, is there in Islam no provision for the religious life of women?"

Abdul did not detect the seriousness in Sedgewood's tone and answered lightly: "How could there be religious devotion if women were present in the service? The thoughts of men would run to other things. We cannot understand the Christian practice in this matter.[1] With us the women carry out their religious duties in secret."

"Less elaborate and less important than those for men?"

"Naturally so," answered Abdul. "For in Allah's world, according to the Koran, 'Men are superior to women on account of the qualities with which God has gifted one above the other.'"[2]

"Abdul," asked Sedgewood, "does religious ceremony constitute the religious life of Moslems? What place is allowed for inner motives?"

[1] Degrading as most of these regulations (seclusion, enforced marriage, etc.) to Muslim women are, none can fail to see their necessity. The low state of morality among Muslims consequent upon the system of polygamy and concubinage, sanctioned by the Quran (Koran) and the example of Mohammed, and that facility of divorce which enables men to put away their wives whenever they please, renders that freedom of social intercourse among men and women prevalent in Christian countries an impossibility.—*Wherry's Commentary on the Quran*, Volume III, page 187.

[2] Sura, IV, 33.

He seemed to get Sedgewood's question, for he answered with some feeling.

"Recognition of the supremacy of God is the trademark of a Moslem. That is no mere religious ceremony. That recognized, the ceremonies of religion named by Allah are to be carried out—reciting of the creed, prayer five times daily facing Mecca, the giving of the legal alms, observance of the month of fasting, and the pilgrimage to Mecca performed in person or by substitute. In all these religious duties, of course, sincerity of heart is demanded."

"Nothing more?" asked Sedgewood. "Is it nothing to Allah whether I am pure in thought or kind in heart or honest in all my intentions?"

"As to the rest," answered Abdul, "'Allah is indulgent, merciful.'" He turned to Sedgewood. "The garment of Islam is cut more to human frailties and is easier to wear than the tight-fitting garments of Christianity, which pinch and bind and do not allow sufficiently for natural expression. You curb too much human desires and passions. Mohammed was a married man and a military chieftain and knew better the great human instincts and their demands, which cannot be denied."

When Sedgewood would have interrupted him, he looked him impatiently in the eyes and added: "'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Is there not more of religion in Moslem lands than in Christian? Every Moslem is a Moslem; but in Christian lands only a few pretend to be Christians, while the great majority of men and women are totally indifferent or only partially or occasionally interested in religion. Why? Because Christianity has failed where Islam has succeeded. Islam allows free play for natural human impulses, yet all the while keeps men's thoughts on God."

That evening in our garden, when Sedgewood and I were alone together, he drew out a slip of paper on which was written:

I am not satisfied with Abdul's arguments.

1. Can God be overemphasized in religion?

2. Is the attitude of *surrender* the correct attitude for man to take?

3. Are not religious forms and ceremonies dangerous when made permanent in religion?

4. Can any religion which sanctions seclusion of women, polygamy, concubinage, and slavery survive in our modern world?

5. Do not all human instincts need to be carefully cut and pruned? If they grow wild, what happens to the individual himself? to society?

6. How does the teaching of a verbally or literally inspired Koran hamper Islam?

7. Is prayer as practiced in Islam the proper conception of prayer?

8. Is not modern education destructive of much that is fundamental in Islam?

9. Can force or compulsion in religion ever be justified?

10. Wherein are Islam and Christianity alike and wherein different?

11. Can any religion properly call itself the final and perfect religion?

CHAPTER VII

AFRICAN PAGANISM

"The fear that freezes all initiative"

AFRICA! Dimly through the haze we made out its shore line, and our hearts beat hard within us. So this was Africa, the ancient and the Dark Continent! Africa! Day after day we repeated the word with wonder and awe as we coasted along from Mombasa southward. Then, one fine morning, we entered the harbor of Lorenzo Marquez, found a train waiting there, and soon were "in the heart of black man's land."

Of course, we were interested in Africa. What American is not interested in Africa? Not because of its vast deposits of gold and copper, its wonderful diamonds, its palm oil and cocoa and ivory, nuts and cotton, and its great forests which enter so largely into our daily life, but because it has already, through its black sons and daughters, victims of the slave trade of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, colored the new civilization of the New World. The mark of Africa is on us, and we can never erase it. Every dark face on our American streets is a reminder to us of the debts our fathers incurred in their dealings with an ancient continent.

One morning in northern Rhodesia we sat in the home of a British official. He was to take us with him on a tour of the district for which he was responsible. While waiting I picked up a little green book lying on his table and, running my eye rapidly along, alighted on this sentence: "The pagan African is what he is because of his religion."

I showed it to Sedgewood, who smiled and soon handed the book back to me with his finger on this phrase: "the fear that freezes all initiative."

Just then the official entered, and we rose to go.

Those two quotations rang in my ears all that day and all the days that followed. They rose up before me and

staged every scene of village life into a sort of tragedy. Of course, there were comic scenes and lighter episodes; yet to see a continent where Fear had spread its wings and darkened the light of day—that was tragedy. Dark skins became the proper symbol of darkened lives, and the darkness was the darkness of fear, which arrests progress and stunts development. A whole big race of humankind was living the lives of children afraid in the dark.

"Now I can understand," said Sedgewood, "why there could be a slave trade. I can see why Africa has remained backward—back in the tribal civilization—when the rest of the world has passed on to new developments and stronger combinations. I can see why the value of personality has been unrecognized, with its immeasurable consequences to individual, economic, and political development. I can even see more clearly why the American Negroes have endured so long and so patiently their state of economic and social subjection."

"But fear does not darken life in America," I added hastily.

"Doesn't it?" answered Sedgewood. "Well, how about heredity—the impress on the soul of countless generations of ancestors that have not dared to show initiative or break into new paths or amass wealth or defy the witch doctors and tribal chiefs because of the fear that religion has laid upon their hearts?"

So it was we learned that religion lies at the heart of Africa's problem. We soon learned also that the break-up of African religion, with what few moral and social restraints it did have, is resulting in increasing moral and social chaos. Poor Africa! What a dilemma! With a poor religious life she is held in backwardness; but with no religious life she plunges into chaos. While modern civilization demolishes the evils of one religion it must substitute the good things of another religion, or there will be trouble for all of us. As one of the experienced missionaries we met put it, "The black man with a thin veneer of civilization and without religious faith is a dangerous person."

Religion! Irreligion! Mohammedanism! Christianity! The roads are forking in African life to-day, and

where this black race comes out depends on the choice—their choice and yours.

To us it was a great surprise that there were good reasons for the religious faith of Africans, such as it is. Living under their conditions, our fathers might have done no better. It is a question not of brains but of a bad start. A handicap of long centuries is not overcome in a day. Will it ever be overcome?

One night we heard that a divination ceremony was going on in a certain village. With a subordinate official —a Bantu Negro—as our escort we hurried thither.

"If I should go, it would spoil the fun," said our English host.

The cattle had been dying off in this particular village. Who was responsible? It was not mere disease; but there must be witchcraft in it. It was necessary to find the "witch"—man or woman—and stop his wickedness.

The ceremony was in full swing when we arrived. Silently and secretly we took up our positions on the edge of the forest nearest the village clearing. The drums were beating vigorously, as if noise would churn up the deep-seated devils and bring them to the surface. The witch doctor, outlandishly arrayed and smeared with pipe clay and ocher, began to wave his arms and dance. To us, watching silently, it was all nonsense, the rankest kind of hocus-pocus, a libel on human intelligence and reason.

The witch doctor looked like a ghost dressed for some fancy ball. He had eaten of the drugs that give magic vision and power. Under their influence he would detect the witch and pass the sentence of punishment upon his terrified victim.

The victim—who should it be? What man or woman sitting there? The people, looking as if fright were pounding with hammers at their hearts, sat about the witch doctor in a circle. Round and round he danced, carrying a small basket in his hands.

Over the heads of various men and women he placed the basket top up, then withdrew it and continued his frantic dancing. Finally he pointed out two—a man and a woman—who were dragged into the center of the circle.

Again the dancing and the shouting and the beating of

the drums! The witch doctor returned to the two and held the basket once more upon their heads. Then he pointed at the woman and drew her about the circle, basket on her head. There was the witch!

The drums beat still louder, and the people shouted in anger. They swarmed about the victim, waving clubs.

"Will they kill her?" we asked, terrified.

The Bantu replied: "The penalty for witchcraft is death —death by beating with clubs or by burning. Be calm! I shall save her temporarily," answered our companion, "by bringing to bear the arm of the law—the law of the foreigner; but I cannot save her life. She is now known to be a witch and in any event she will die before the year is over."

"How?" we asked, still excited by what we had witnessed.

"Why ask?" he answered. "When I return three months from now, she will be gone. If I should inquire after her, they would tell me she had died of some disease or wandered into the forest, never to return. It is not for me to inquire too closely. The arm of the law is light in all such cases. To bear down too heavily would disrupt the whole social fabric of African life—break up authority and bring in greater lawlessness. It is better that a few witches die each year in these distant villages as sacrifices to good order than to break up too suddenly the local customs."

He was talking calmly, and I feared for the woman. They were dragging her toward the forest.

"Will you not save the woman?" I begged.

"There is no haste. It will take more than one blow."

He did save her by "arriving" suddenly upon the scene. The villagers were thrown into some confusion but soon recovered themselves. They resented his authority yet respected it. Loosing the woman, they let her return to her children.

The chief of the tribe soon came forward. "We were beating the woman, for she has been poisoning cattle," he explained casually.

Our Bantu friend accepted the explanation without comment.

When all was over, under the stars in that same village clearing where, a few minutes before, terrified men and women had sat about a raving magician, we talked of the things of spirit and the world invisible. The tribal chief and the elders of the tribe sat about us, but the conversation was mostly in English between the Bantu official and ourselves. We found him an interesting man of some education and considerable practical wisdom. He began to explain:

"The African is not a fool, sirs. These men have their reasons for doing as they do. I am an African too, though I come from South Africa, where the white man's civilization has long since changed our ways. To the African the world is not a world of nature, with some great mind ordering and directing the whole, nor is it a world of matter and mind, one playing on the other; it is a world of energy let loose in *everything*. The whole world is charged with power as with some electric current. In certain things it is found in concentrated form. These are to be used with caution or carefully avoided. This power is harmful or helpful to human life, depending on the object in which it is found. Only magicians, witch doctors, diviners, know how to handle this power for the good or evil of the community and the individual. They are trained experts in manipulating the energy found in things and spirits. By their knowledge and use of the proper drugs, which contain this energy in peculiar concentration, they can control men and spirits and natural objects. Therefore, the community looks to them. They are not considered dangerous nor evil by the tribe; they have their useful place. They give the medicine that is supposed to cure disease; they give the lucky charms that bring good luck and keep away all ills; they bring spirits into charms, which work for the wearer of the charm; and they rid the community, as you have seen, of wicked witches and wizards who are using this universal energy in ways harmful to others. By smelling them out or giving the suspected persons poison that tests their guilt or innocence and in a great variety of other ways the witch doctor discovers the witch and brings it to destruction."

"You are defending witchcraft?" asked Sedgewood.

"No," answered our guide, "I am only interpreting the thoughts of these. The witch doctor to them is a combination of priest and magician, policeman and insurance agent, physician and dentist, actor and dancing master, spirit medium and hypnotist, rain maker and prophet, who lives his life in two worlds—the world of the seen and the world of the unseen—and manipulates them both, supposedly for the good of the tribe."

"And what are witches?" I asked.

"Illegal practitioners in the field of magic. They are not qualified to perform magic, and when they do so they do it for their own good and to the harm of someone else. So they must be got rid of, for they belong to the criminal class. They are dangerous. They steal and murder and poison and bring ill luck to the decent, law-abiding members of the tribe.

"Perhaps they are all unconscious of the witchcraft they perform. Their bodies may be the tools of evil spirits, who use them for their wicked destructive purposes while the owners are asleep. It makes no difference. They are infected with black magic and must be discovered and destroyed."

"Does not the witch doctor smell out as witches those who have incurred his jealousy or envy or anger? Is not his legal, official witchcraft largely compounded of spite, or covetousness?" I asked.

But Sedgewood broke in: "It is a poor neurotic religious leadership for any people. Fear and hocus-pocus do not lead out of spiritual bondage any race."

The Bantu answered: "Africa is the continent of spirits —all manner of spirits, good and evil. Some bind us in the slavery of fear, but few give us assurance and hope. Talk with these men of spirits. They will tell of ancestral spirits, which are particularly strong and need to be cared for. These will often take the shape of animals to destroy those who are careless in their attentions. They are reborn into the world, and it is the witch doctor's business to tell just which ancestor it is that has come to earth in the baby. If the ancestors are well treated by offerings and prayers, then they care for the interests of the family, and all goes well."

"Is there no god they worship?" Sedgewood asked.

"Yes," he answered, "there are many gods. They are nature spirits, greater than the spirits of ancestors; yet they are not clearly defined. They may very easily prove to be ancestral spirits, whose human origin has been forgotten. The African is much more concerned with the spirits that are nearer his own life and he knows little and cares little about these greater spirits. Even God they have dimly in their consciousness. The Supreme, the Creator God, having created, withdrew and forgot his creation. If he does not worry about us, why should we worry about him? So they build him no temple and give him no priest and set apart from him no offerings. He is merely a name, and scarcely that. He is the lost chord in the gay, sad music of their lives. Life goes on without him. He has gone away—who knows where?—and left this world to other spirits. Listen: this old chief will tell you stories of God's desertion and of how men and women have sought to find him."

He leaned over and whispered to the chief sitting there beside him. Long and patiently the old man had waited his turn in the conversation. Slowly the waters of his speech had been gathering behind the dam of silence; and when the dam was broken by the official's word, we were in peril of a flood of language. There was no controlling him. His rolling eyes and gesturing hands added whatever the tongue lacked of picturesqueness and meaning:

"Yes, Leza, having created us, forgot us. And among us, so the fathers tell, was one very old woman whose life was full of sorrow and bereavement. She could endure no longer. 'I will find Leza and I will say to him, Why? All, even to the last of my children's children, you have taken from me. You have beset me before and behind and laid your hand upon me.'

"So she began to build a tower to reach to the sky, where Leza dwelt; but again and again her tower fell. Narrowly she escaped in each falling.

"Finding she could not climb to Leza, she said, 'I will find him by the roads that run to the horizon, where sky touches earth.' So she sought the horizon. Journeying, she passed through many villages of many lands. When

men asked her, 'Where are you going all alone, old woman?' she replied, 'I am seeking Leza.' 'Seeking Leza? What for?' 'To ask him, Why?' Then they said to her: 'But he afflicts us all. His hand is on us all. How do you suffer more than we do? You will never find him.' And the old woman never found Leza, never asked him her question; she but returned to die in her village."[1]

From God the old chief turned to cattle and chickens and wives and corn, to his boyhood and his father. Then he talked of the changes that had come over the village:

"There is no fear in the hearts of the young men of to-day. Only those with white hair fear the ancestral spirits and propitiate the tribal spirits. The young men go forth where the white man lives, and there they work in mine and forest and building. When they come back they are better and wiser than their elders—in their own eyes. They overthrow all order and laugh at the old ways. They taint the young women with their lawlessness. To what are we coming? The ways of white men are not suitable for blacks unless you make us as yourselves."

It was a wise word, and Sedgewood and I have often spoken of that night. We have wondered whether education without Christianity is worth while; whether fear is not better than the lawlessness of no-fear; whether slavery is worse than license; whether European and American have in any measure at all made up to the African what he has suffered at their hands; whether the black race has not certain unique gifts with which it may enrich our common life; whether we are to any material extent less silly than the witch doctor in our fears and charms and prejudices; whether the lost God of the African is our Christian God; to what extent black and white can cooperate; what will become of the African if he is given Christ in place of his spirits and ancestors; whether he can be given Christ in any way at all in company with economic exploitation or social degradation; whether we can preach brotherhood to other men while denying it to the African.

All these and many other questions await answer.

[1] The story is taken, with changes, from *The Religion of Lower Races*, Smith; Macmillan Company, 1923; page 61f.

CHAPTER VIII

JUDAISM

"The people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance"

"From childhood there is one thing that has always puzzled me." Sedgewood and I were coasting the shores of Palestine as he spoke.

"Only one?" I answered, not realizing that he was serious.

He paid no attention to my flippancy and looked earnestly at me. "Frank, why do so many Americans feel such repugnance toward Jews when from childhood they are taught to regard certain Jews as their heroes and models?" And he proceeded to name them: "Abraham, Moses, Samuel, David, Jesus, and Paul. Why, Frank, the Book we hear read more than any other (I won't say read) is a Jewish Book. By this Jewish Book we live, by it we die, we take our oaths by it and bring up our children according to it. Then we stand up in our churches and sing about Israel and Zion and Jehovah and Jerusalem as if we were Jews. Having done this, we go out to despise and hate the real Jews; and if anyone were to accuse us of actually being Jewish or Hebrew, we should consider it an insult. Now, what do you make of that?"

I smiled at his earnestness. "It must be that only in our religious phraseology we are Jewish, and that all the rest of us is wild, untamed, barbarian nature."

But my answer did not satisfy him, nor was he satisfied until, on the top of old Mount Carmel, where Elijah of old had had his argument with the priests of Baal, we met an accomplished young English Jew, who, like us, had climbed the Carmel ridge from the seaport town of Haifa, below, to get the views. He introduced himself as Morris Solomon and told us he was in the employ of the

Zionist movement, which would reestablish the Jews in their ancient homeland of Palestine.

There, on Carmel, we had our argument. He found us sympathetic and, like Elijah of old, defended the faith of his fathers with great earnestness and power.

Foolishly we asked him if the Zionist movement was caused by fear on the part of the Jews that they might be exterminated ultimately as a race by being absorbed and assimilated by other races.

He laughed. "Exterminate the Jews? Twice, and twice only, have the Hebrew and his religion been near extinction, and that was so long ago it is now ancient history. Each time the religion and the people of Jehovah were saved by a man who in the hour of danger expanded and became a giant. Moses at the Red Sea and Elijah on this ridge of Carmel—to these two is due the continuance of that simple, pure religion of one moral, sovereign God which has gone out to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

I thought Sedgewood too sudden and too blunt in the question he now put to Mr. Solomon. "Mr. Solomon, that may be true. With you we honor Moses and Elijah, with you we worship the God of Moses and Elijah; but tell me, why do we Europeans and Americans suspect and dislike the people of Moses and Elijah? Is it racial, because you are Asiatics, or is it religious, because you are not Christians, or is it just human depravity in you or in us which keeps the chasm between us so wide and so manifest? What is it you do or have done that we do not like? The Jews are our religious teachers (we recognize that) and they play a large part in the life of our nation, yet we do not like the Jewish race."

Mr. Solomon was a man of sense and intelligence. He was not offended but smiled as he took up the challenge.

"I wish more such questions were asked of us by our fellow Europeans and Americans. There is nothing like sympathetic insight to remove misunderstandings. It is the universal antidote of all the bitternesses of race and nation and religion which poisons the minds and hearts of men. At the hands of Greeks and Romans and all Christians we have been a suspected and a persecuted people

for twenty centuries and more. We have come to take it as a matter of course that we should be 'despised and rejected of men.' We have suffered more at Christian hands than at any other, though, as you say, the Christians have received more from us than from any other people."

"Isn't it because you put to death the Founder of our religion?" I asked.

"No," he replied quickly, "that is only an excuse, not a reason. You have made so much of the glory and power in his death that you would not hold that death against us even if he had been put to death by the Jewish nation, which he was not. It was only a handful of Jewish leaders that brought Jesus of Nazareth to his death. The nation did not rise *en masse* against him. With the people he was always welcome and popular. Some of the leaders even tried to save him. You remember he was buried in the tomb of a Pharisee—one of the group which he had denounced so severely. Another Pharisee became his foremost apostle and interpreter and missionary. In its beginnings the Christian Church was a church of Jews. As the American colonies broke away from England, taking over with them the common English heritage, so the Christian Church broke away from Judaism; but it need not have left a permanent tradition of division between us. Do you have it in for all the English because of George III and his ministers?

"Of course," he went on, "our prosperity as a race has been against us in this matter of relationships with other races. In spite of the severest handicaps we have, through the long centuries, shown an aptitude for business. We are, among the world's peoples, one of those who can always make 'five other talents' out of their original five talents. When we have amassed wealth, then Jealousy has sat down to paint our portrait, and the result is: Shylock. Shylocks have been despised but have been found useful—for financing the mad enterprises of Christian kings and nobles. From our Shylocks wealth has been wrung by fraud and torture and imprisonment. But our knack for business is only an excuse, not a reason. The Scotch are men of business and not disliked.

"Is it because we are Asiatics? The Hungarians are

Asiatics. The Finns are Asiatics. All the Slavic peoples are half Asiatic and half European, covering the region where Asia and Europe come together; yet they are all assimilated. Even your Teutons and Celts and Indo-Europeans of every branch are all originally Asiatic.

"But there is a reason, and it is found in the very heart of our religion. It is a conviction that is central in all our thinking, a conviction that constitutes the Holy of Holies of Judaism. *This one conviction separates us forever from every other race and people and makes every other race and people suspicious of us.* Yet without this conviction we should long ago have been swallowed up in the mighty upheavals and shakings-together of history. We pay a heavy price for the preservation of our Jewish identity and our Jewish religion. Our fathers have paid it for centuries before us, and would we not be unworthy sons to surrender the unique conviction that has sustained us so long as a race for the sake of popularity in any generation? No, we must continue to pay the price and hand on to the Jewish stock that comes after us that which we have received. Our fathers must not have suffered persecution and ostracism from normal human society only to have their descendants sell the priceless conviction of Judaism for some mess of pottage offered to us by the world that surrounds us. Can we help it that that which is of supreme worth to us is that which divides us from the rest of humanity? How can we part with our family estate, with the heirlooms of our race, even to have you like us?"

He scarcely paused for breath.

"You do not realize that Judaism is the oldest living religious system in the world. Nobody knows where your ancestors lived and just what they were when our conviction first became our conviction. We have in writing, in Scripture, the history of our unique conviction covering forty centuries. Ours is an ancient faith—no, not faith nor belief, but *conviction.*

"And you Christians have tried to take it from us and make it your own, but you have not succeeded. To our *old* conviction you have added a *new* conviction and thereby sought to appropriate to yourselves our ancient family

estate and treasure; and because we have not acknowledged the transfer, you have it in for us—"

"I don't follow you," I interrupted. "Give us the details of the theft, and we shall plead 'Guilty' or 'Not guilty' accordingly. What *is* the conviction—the old and the new, the original and the revised?"

Solomon looked surprised. "Do I need to name it? Do you not know the Jewish conviction? *We are a covenanted people.* Out of all the tribes and nations of earth God has picked us and chosen us to be his peculiar people and has entered into covenant with us, binding himself to us and us to him. We have not chosen God, but he has chosen us. But the choice is irrevocable and eternal. It cannot be changed. Jehovah and the Jewish people are forevermore joined in a peculiar relationship. He may chastise but he will not cast us off. He may smite us to the earth but he will lift us up again. He may visit us with heavy hand but he will not utterly destroy. The top of the tree may be cut down—all our pride and glory and prosperous estate—but the stock and the root remain, and the new shoots soon appear. A remnant will always remain. Why? Because God is covenanted to us, and we to him.

"Now, what have you Christians done? You have called our covenant the old covenant, or Old Testament, and made of Jesus a second Moses—one who brings to you a new covenant, or New Testament, thereby abolishing the old. And in your new covenant all peoples share. The Jew is called upon to share his peculiar and unique position with men of all breeds. You Gentiles are like Abu Ben Adhem's camel: you were allowed to put your head into the tent of our religious privileges, and lo! you take possession of the whole tent and claim it as your own on the basis of a new relationship. You take over our ancient Scriptures, our religious teachings and beliefs, our prophets and priests and kings, even our God, and then dislike us because we do not join you, because we continue to insist that Jesus has not supplanted Moses and Abraham, that the old covenant between God and our people was not arranged for a matter of a dozen centuries or so, that the law based on the covenant relation still holds

and was not swept aside by the chance death of the Prophet of Nazareth at the hands of the authorities, and because we cling together at all costs and preserve that which is more precious to us than life itself. We are separated from you just because we are a separate people. We separate ourselves because God himself has separated us by his own deliberate act. So, when others revile us and persecute us, it is to our God that we look to help us bear the consequences of his choice."

"Then you Jews," said Sedgewood rather warmly, "would take this attitude?—

> "'We are God's chosen few;
> All others will be damned.
> There is no place in heaven for you:
> We can't have heaven crammed.'"[1]

Morris Solomon could not be ruffled in temper. He laughed. "There is much to that effect in our Scriptures. The fate of the heathen or non-Jewish element is never very brightly pictured. 'He will break the heathen' and such expressions you have chanted and sung as meaning the non-Christians (another phase of your appropriation and adaptation of our heritage), yet many Jews, more liberal, have contended throughout that in us and through us, not apart from us, mind you, the non-Jews, the Gentiles, the heathen, were to be blessed. In our old Temple there was a Court of the Gentiles into which Gentiles might enter but beyond which they might not pass into the more sacred and intimate religious acts of worship which concern primarily Jehovah and his people. In the synagogues Gentiles might sit and learn and become as Jews. We were, in other words, frequently ready to adopt into our family circle those who came seeking our God, but never have we been willing to sign away our family rights and privileges to any man who asked for them. The old covenant is still ours; your new covenant may be yours (we will not dispute that), but we do not recognize it as based on the old. It is not the proper sequel to the story of 'Jehovah and the Jews.' That story is still running in the press of human history and will continue until

[1] By Dean Swift.

Jehovah's reign is firmly established throughout the earth."

"Just what do you mean by that?" asked Sedgewood. "Does it mean Jewish supremacy?"

"We interpret it differently," answered Solomon. "It is the Messianic age of Jewish hope. To some it is the appearing of an individual person, the anointed, the Messiah, who will by his power and glorious person usher in the golden age and will rule in righteousness over God's people and in triumph over all the rest. To others the Messiah is not a person at all but our own chosen and anointed race, which will in process of time reveal the oneness and moral purity of God to all humanity until God's name is hallowed and revered, and his will is done on earth as it is done in heaven."

Solomon stopped and then asked eagerly, "How can Jesus have been the Messiah when the prayer he put into the mouths of his disciples was a prayer *for* the Messianic age, not a prayer *of* the Messianic age?"

He went on: "And because your Messiah disappointed you in his first appearing, you take comfort in his announcement of a second coming—a second chance—when he will fulfill his Messianic task. No, Jesus was a great Prophet—an extremely liberal Jewish Prophet who revered yet would alter the Jewish law, who carried a small group with him by the hopes he aroused and by his strong, kindly personality; yet he was not the Messiah. Did he ever openly and publicly make his Messiahship the theme of his preaching? When John the Baptist, languishing in prison, sent to Jesus for a clear, definite 'Yes' or 'No' as to whether he was Messiah or not, all he got was a vague and doubtful reply: It looks as if I might be."

I would have replied, but Sedgewood stopped me.

"But that is not our only argument with the Christians," Solomon went on. "You have taken our Scriptures and enlarged them by adding to them. You have taken our covenant and stretched it until it is roomy enough to include all humanity, thereby destroying the unique place of the Jewish race. You have taken our Messianic hope and applied it to an unorthodox Jewish Prophet of Galilee, who, Peasant-Carpenter that he was,

was unversed in the rabbinic lore and untrained in the Jewish law, which he set his fingers to alter. 'It is written, . . . but I say unto you.' But what right had he to say anything until he had carefully studied, with the doctors of the law, what was written?"

"You answer him," I nudged Sedgewood.

"Not now," he whispered.

Solomon continued. "You have taken our one God—the glory of Judaism as a religion among the religions of the world—and given him a threefold aspect, as it were, three heads in one body. Unity you have changed to Trinity—to find a place in the Godhead for your Messiah. Our Jewish law, which is the reverse side of the Jewish covenant, the external forms of an internal obligation, you have taken over and then dismantled, discarding this and that, and keeping this and that. You have junked what to you seems unpleasant and impracticable—circumcision, sacrifice, festivals, etc.—and you preserve the rest—the Sabbath idea, the tithe idea, the Ten Commandments. And your excuse? Read the letters of Paul (who did the Jewish law more harm than any other, even Jesus): The day of the law has passed, and the day of grace has arrived; therefore, let us interpret the law in its spiritual sense and not in its legal. Let us break the external forms of our relationship with God, as prescribed by God himself, and let us go back only to the internal sense of relationship based on God's love and mercy.

"In other words, we are no longer servants or citizens obeying a code of laws set for us to obey; we are now sons and may do what is right in our own eyes in our Father's home. Of course, says Paul, being sons, we shall do what is right. But that is a dangerous freedom for frail men. No wonder 'Do what is right in our own eyes' divides you Christians up into innumerable sects and denominations. Law, you see, makes for unity, and the Jewish race holds together century after century; grace, or freedom from an external law, makes for division and strife. Law is centripetal: it keeps men swinging together in a system, each in his place; grace is centrifugal: it drives men out into the infinite spaces without proper control or brings them crashing into one another in a tangled chaos. Ro-

man Catholic Christianity has seen the danger and has put a new law of external authority (the church) back upon the people and achieved a certain unity once more; but you Protestants—'back to Paul and chaos' seems your battle cry."

"You are describing Christianity, not Judaism," said Sedgewood, stopping him.

"You are right," answered Morris Solomon. "'Back to Judaism!' It is a good motto and a safe one. Have not the Jews, century after century, age after age, proved it so? What people have ever suffered so? Yet they abide in strength—eleven millions of them in every land. What people have ever prospered so? How large a proportion of the world's wealth is in their hands! Yet in prosperity they remember (at least most of them do) the God of their fathers. Judaism survives and thrives both in sunshine and storm because it is God-planted and God-tended. In his good time he will harvest the fruit of his planting and tending."

As he finished, Sedgewood was waiting for him with a question. "But have you not altered your own law and given it many interpretations? Where is your Temple and its services so elaborately prescribed in the Old Testament? Is there unity in Judaism? Are there not various schools of strict or liberal tendency? Do not some of you want to reoccupy Palestine, and others of you urge that you remain where you are?"

Solomon was not taken off his guard. "The Temple is gone—destroyed more than eighteen centuries ago—and we have been forced to get along without it all this time. Perhaps we shall never come back to it; perhaps we shall if this our homeland becomes our land again, as we Zionists expect. Is it not foretold again and again in our ancient Scriptures? But the old ritual goes on. The meat we eat is offered in sacrifice by priestly hands before we touch it.[1] The old festivals are still remembered and observed with their particular rites in Jewish homes. The Sabbath—between sunset of Friday and sunset of Saturday—is still our holy day even though our business houses remain open for the benefit of Christians. The

[1] Kosher.

synagogue—to us both church and school of religion—is our rallying center, where we praise and worship and learn about the ancient days and ways. Our rabbis are still skillful in the interpretation of the law and Scriptures and minister faithfully to us in the naming of our children, in marriage and sickness and trouble and death. We still hold together, in many large cities living close together in our own crowded ghettos, where our life goes on much as it has for generations."

Sedgewood interrupted him. "What does the future hold for the Jews? If persecution and race prejudice and the hatreds and suspicions of the past are lifted from him, and he becomes as one of us, will not his religion and our religion (so similar in many ways) become one religion? Can we not make the new covenant more attractive to you than the old covenant?"

Solomon smiled and shook his head. "Do not put the question, 'What does the future hold for the Jew?' Rather let us put it, What does the Jew hold for the future? And the answer is: free him from the limitations you have put upon him, cultivate his friendship and his loyalties, and let his native strength, tempered and tested for centuries, apply itself to the common life of humanity, and what will you see? You will see the fulfillment of the promise given to Abraham and to Jacob in the beginnings of our history. 'In thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed.' Carmel, the mountain of struggle with our supplanters and enemies, will give place to the great plain, where the Jew sees himself, according to Jehovah's plan, in friendly accord with every race on earth."

Sedgewood and I brought Solomon back to a discussion of:

1. The character and demands of Jesus. Why is it difficult to think of him as a Jew?
2. The superiority of the new covenant over the old.
3. Whether any people could so give themselves to business and commerce, as the Jews have done, without growing materialistic in spirit and indifferent to religion.
4. Whether persecution or prosperity was more favorable to religious life and character. Does not religion

deteriorate when conditions are too favorable for human life?

5. Whether differences between Jews and Protestant Christians cannot be easily overlooked, and the two cooperate in many ways.

6. Whether the Zionist movement to restore the Jews to Palestine is not a serious mistake. Can you settle any people in a land already filled with peoples of other races and faiths?

7. Which is really better for human development—the ethics of the home or the ethics of the state—love or law? to do right because we *want* to or to do right because we *have* to? Is the former really practicable?

CHAPTER IX

CHRISTIANITY: THE GREEK ORTHODOX CHURCH

"The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch"

I WONDER if it would be possible for any man to go around the world as we did and not "go up to Jerusalem," the Holy City. At least, it would be difficult for men of three faiths—Jewish, Christian, and Moslem—who find their religious origins or inspirations in that little city which is more ancient than Rome and can more reasonably claim to be "the eternal city."

There are now, since the war, two approaches by rail to Jerusalem: from Jaffa (the ancient Joppa) on the seacoast and from Egypt by way of the desert and the coastal plain of ancient Philistia. The two ways converge at the junction center of Ludd (the ancient Lydda), near which Saint George, patron saint of England, is said to have slain the dragon.

Coming in the *Search,* we naturally took the sea route and landed in the surf at Jaffa. So it was we fell in with the pilgrims from Russia, making their way from distant Moscow and Nizhni Novgorod to Jerusalem and the Jordan. Our interest was immediately excited. Who were these poorly clad, ignorant folk who came so far? What were their thoughts and their desires? How could such dull eyes light up so quickly with flame when he who seemed to be their guide pointed through the car windows to the sights of the valley of Ajalon, along which we were smokily ascending to the city of Zion.

I watched this interesting person for some time, then exclaimed to Sedgewood: "I will wager that man speaks English. He looks sufficiently intelligent."

"Try it," answered Sedgewood, not lifting his eyes from his tourist book.

At the next station stop I approached him with an English greeting. He bowed and laughed. "I am from Constantinople, where we speak all the languages of civilized mankind. Constantinople is the historic meeting place of East and West. East must speak to West, you know, and West to East, and language is the first approach of mind to mind."

"And these?" I pointed to the pilgrims.

"Are men and women of holy Russia. They know only Russian. They are pilgrims of the great Orthodox Church in Russia, now in such pitiable condition since the downfall of the government of the Czar."

He invited us into his compartment, and we went. When seated he went on: "The Holy Orthodox Church of Russia was an ancient vine that for a thousand years ran itself along a trellis and wrapped its tendrils everywhere about the trellis and so found its support. Now the trellis is destroyed, and the vine lies helpless on the ground. The present communist rulers of Russia have trampled it, seeking to destroy it utterly."

His face lighted up. "They will never destroy it, for its roots run too deeply into Russian life. Out of the old stock are coming new shoots, and the great church will rise on the voluntary support of the people to heights and flowering exuberance such as it never reached on the ancient trellis of state support and state supervision. Already there are signs—"

I was amazed at his command of English.

"I am a Greek" (he seemed to read my thoughts) "who has studied in London and Bologna and Leningrad. I am a lay deacon in the Greek Orthodox Church of Constantinople on a mission from the Patriarch of Constantinople to the Patriarch of Jerusalem. On the way I fell in with these hapless folk and give them from time to time a word of cheer."

Sedgewood was at last aroused. "Who is the Patriarch of Constantinople, and who is the Patriarch of Jerusalem? It is all very confusing to us."

The Greek laughed. "I have found few Englishmen who could even ask that question, let alone answer it."

"We are American, not English," I put in.

"Ah! In America it is different."

"Different and worse," I laughed. "Over in our country we divide the Christian world between Protestants and Roman Catholics and let it go at that."

A strange expression came over his face. "Do you not know," he exclaimed, "that after the apostolic church in Jerusalem of New Testament times, the mother church of all Christendom is the Holy Eastern Church? Rome got her life from us, and Protestantism is but an offshoot from Rome. Have you forgotten your mother?"

"Grandmother, you mean: we are Protestants," I interrupted.

"Grandmother let it be," he smiled again. "Your grandmother is yet living. Will you give me the honor of introducing you to her and to some of her other daughters—the so-called heretical Christian churches of the East—all relatives of yours?"

"We are not much on ancestors in America," answered Sedgewood, "but we shall be delighted to make their acquaintance if you will be so good as to introduce us."

"Not here," he replied, "but in Jerusalem."

So it came about that in due course we were invited to the "summer palace" of the Patriarch of the Greek Church on the Mount of Olives. Near by was the great and beautiful church of this great branch of Christianity. Other buildings adjoined the church, and not far off was the Russian convent for nuns. The spot was historic, and memory was kept busy.

We were by this time in a great daze, having seen, but having been unable to comprehend the meaning of all the varieties of Christians in Jerusalem.

"You are doing us a great favor," Sedgewood said to our Greek friend. "We need a director of our religious education. We are in your hands."

The Greek replied: "To-day go with me to the services in this church and to-morrow go with me to the Jordan. I have promised the pilgrims to escort them thither. They will walk, but we can ride on donkeys. There will be time to talk."

We went with him to the service. Somehow we had classed Greek and Roman together and said to ourselves,

"It will be just like a service in a Roman Catholic church." Yet they gave us no seats, for seats there were none. In some churches crutches are provided to lean and rest on. So we stood, among the men. The women stood separately behind the men. We were nearer the front of the church, where the service went on.

There was no organ, there were no musical instruments of any sort; yet there was much chanting and singing by the choir, which stood in front near the steps.

The altar could not be seen; for it lay behind the great ornamental screen, which stretched across the church. Only the priests, entering through the veiled doors in the screen, saw the altar. Before the screen were high pictures of saints[1] and great lighted silver candles. The throne of the Patriarch was set behind the screen.

The service was in Greek, though this great church puts the service into the language of the people. The Scriptures were read with great speed from a round platform in front of the screen. There was no sermon, no pulpit. The Communion service was most elaborate, but only the priests communed. Laymen are generally expected to commune only once a year, just before Easter, after confession of sins and other preparations. Unlike Roman Catholics they are permitted to take the wine as well as the bread.

The service was chanted, and at the proper places the people bowed and crossed themselves. The deacons, the reader, and the choir singers made the proper responses.

Though we might easily have tired in the long service, we were kept awake and curious by the gorgeous splendor of the ritual—the vestments of the priests, the candles and incense, the prayers with backs turned to the people, the singing and bowing and signing the cross, the seated bishops and priests, the various tables for books, the lighted lamps, the coming and going. All these held us while time flew lightly on swift wing.

We discovered that the service varies every day of the year and every part of the day. This is owing to the number of saints' days (every day in the year has some saint, and some days have several) and other important

[1] Ikons.

ecclesiastical events. Usually several different services have to be combined into one. One never knows, unless one is in the priesthood, just what is to be celebrated. The various services are worked up in twenty large volumes, which must be closely studied by priests. Books for private devotion are provided for the laity.

We were deeply impressed by the elaborate ceremonial of the Holy Eastern Church, though the art and architecture appeared crude.

The next day we rode down to the Jordan with the pilgrims. Such an experience is one never to be forgotten.

The day began fresh and fair, and we got an early start. We passed over the Mount of Olives and down the old Jericho road. The sun ascended higher and higher, and the pilgrim road became hot and heavy—blistered limestone rocks on either side and, beyond us, bare hills piled high, without shadow or verdure. We passed the few miserable hovels—all that remains of the ancient and famous cities of Jericho. So, in the heat of the afternoon, we came to the Jordan—to the spot where Jesus is said to have been baptized.

Such a scene as then ensued! Men and women rushed into the water and dipped themselves again and again in it. Their thin garments clung water-soaked to their bodies. They had reached a sacred spot and in a tempest of emotion gave themselves to its holy influences.

That night we camped beside the Jordan.

The climb back to Jerusalem gave us much opportunity for conversation. Seated on our donkeys, we learned from our guide all our heads could hold of this great Eastern branch of Christendom—or shall we call it the ancient trunk from which the branches have come?

"On what shall I begin?" he asked. "Close your eyes, and what do you see?"

We were silent.

He continued: "Crowds, superstition, ignorance, pictures, images, priests, elaborate ceremonial, relics, and holy places—is it not so?"

We hesitated, lest nodding an affirmative should offend him.

"Do not be afraid." He laughed. "The varnish and

veneer are always seen first. These things I have named are only the rough skin, covering the vital parts and organs of the body. You take hold of the skin first, but if you put your fingers correctly you can feel the throb in the arteries, which is the life. So it is with Eastern Christianity. I have studied in London and know Protestantism, and in Italy and know Roman Catholicism. We, though older than either, lie somewhere between."

"We agree with you Protestants in rejecting the claims of the Pope to supremacy or to infallibility in Christendom. We believe with you in an open Bible, read by all men in their own tongues. Like you we give to laymen both wine and bread at the Communion. Our services are in the language of the people. We have no such things as indulgences and dispensations—easy and mechanical pardons for sin. Our parish priests get married and have families. In fact, they cannot be ordained until they are married. But they may not remarry. Like you, also, we have no doctrine of purgatory, although we do pray for the dead."

"But your patriarch was not married," I interposed. "Is he a widower?"

"No," answered the Greek, laughing at the very idea. "We have two kinds of clergy: parish priests and monks of the various monastic orders. The bishops, archbishops, and patriarchs come with scarcely an exception from among the latter, who are of course celibate."

"In order, then, to marry, one must give up ecclesiastical preferment? A wife or a bishopric—it is a cruel choice."

"No," he answered good-naturedly. "The choice lies between the monastery and the parish. In the monastery wives are unnecessary; in the parish they are."

He went on. "In this we partially agree with the Roman Catholics, who make not only their higher clergy but all their clergy (except in some Eastern sects allied to them) celibate. We resemble the Romans in other ways: our altars and priests and candles and liturgy. We have our elaborate sacraments—seven of them—not exactly the same as the Roman but very similar. We stress Communion and have the same belief that the bread and wine become the actual body and blood of our Lord. We have

our saint worship, as they do, including the worship of the Virgin Mary.

"Yet we are different from both of you. We are unique. We are more given to creeds than you of the West. They accuse us of being theoretical, and not practical. It is true that creeds have split our church from others. Every one of these Oriental Christian churches is a split because of dispute in regard to creed. We are loyal to orthodox Christianity. Our very lifeblood is the Nicene Creed, which affirms the Trinity. We are staunch for the two-fold nature of Christ—divine and human. We will not, do not, compromise on either of these. The doctrine of the incarnation is our special emphasis; you men of the West have chosen the doctrine of the atonement. We are for immersion in baptism, for giving the Communion to infants and children after their baptism."

"Why, then, did you split from the Roman Catholic?" asked Sedgewood.

He reined his donkey with a jerk, and his eyes flashed resentment. "Why did they split from *us?* They are the branch—the offshoot. They belonged to us—one united church for ten centuries. Then, in 1054, on July 16, the legates of Pope Leo IX insultingly laid an anathema on the great altar of our greatest church—Santa Sophia in Constantinople (which may God restore to us from Moslem hands)—and walked out."

"Was it some important matter?" asked Sedgewood. "Why did they do it?"

"Yes," he answered, "they kept adding new theological doctrines and new practices constantly and then tried to interfere in our affairs. When they could not lead us nor control us, they cursed us and parted company from us. We do not like innovations; they did."

"I never thought of Rome as stepping too fast for anybody," Sedgewood put in.

"For us," he answered, and his impatience melted in a smile. "We of the East ride donkeys; you of the West ride horses."

"Or automobiles or airplanes," I interposed. "They would go well here going up from Jericho to Jerusalem."

He smiled and went on: "We are too slow-moving for

that—we Eastern Christians. Many think we have made no progress for centuries, and perhaps we have not. We have been satisfied with our religious beliefs and practices. How can that which is complete be improved? How can you perfect a circle? Such has been our attitude.

"Yet our life has been far from peaceful. We are almost as divided as Protestants." His eyes were twinkling. "Yet with this difference: You divide *within* Protestantism, while our dissenting groups break off mostly into heretical churches *outside* the Holy Eastern Church. We still keep up the old disputes and bitterness. We do not let the fires of religious strife die out; we merely bank them."

"What are your heretical churches?" I asked. "Have we seen them?"

"There are enough of them around to see if you only know them," he answered. "Let me map them all for you—orthodox and heretic." He stopped his donkey in a shady spot and, getting off, made figures in the dust, using his fingers.

"This great body is the original Holy Eastern Church, often called the Greek Orthodox Church. It reaches from Sinai to Hungary. It has five patriarchs and some three hundred bishops. The chief patriarch is in Constantinople. Others reside in Moscow (substituted for Rome when Rome withdrew from us), in Antioch, in Jerusalem, and in Alexandria. Orthodox yet independent is the great Russian Orthodox Church, which has its patriarch in Moscow. From the tenth century this church has flourished in close union with the state until the downfall of the Czar in 1917, when it was disestablished. The communists have tried to destroy it, but it survives and revives. It has held close and fraternal relations with Constantinople.

"Other independent orthodox churches are found in Greece, Bulgaria, Jugo-Slavia, Cyprus, and Hungary, with their synods and metropolitans, archbishops and bishops. Most of them are in friendly relations with Constantinople. We worship—all of us—after the same manner, though in different languages, and accept the same creeds.

"These I shall name now are the heretics—separated from Constantinople. They are all self-governing. They

all have bishops and archbishops, even patriarchs, and an ordained priesthood. They all accept the first great councils of the church but deny the later."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"It means that they accept the Trinity but differ from us on the nature of the person of Christ. They cannot say with us that 'Christ is perfect equally in his divinity and his humanity,' and that his two natures, like his seamless garment, cannot be divided or separated one from the other. He is two natures but one Person—perfect Man and perfect God, perfectly combined.

"First, here is the old Nestorian, or Chaldean, or Assyrian Church, which in its beginnings would practically make two persons out of Christ—one human, one divine. This has been the great missionary church of Eastern Christianity. In the early centuries it sent its missionaries into China and into India and all through Central Asia.[1] Now only a remnant remains in the broken hills of Kurdistan and Northwest Persia. Their glory has faded.

"Then, here"—he drew another line—"is the Armenian Church, called Gregorian after Gregory the missionary, who first brought the Armenian nation to Christianity sixteen centuries ago. So greatly do they honor Gregory that they still use his dead and embalmed hand to ordain their patriarchs, laying it on their heads. Their heresies are not serious, and they call themselves orthodox.

"Then, here is the little Syrian Church, and the much larger Coptic Church of Egypt. These would practically make Christ all God and no man. 'God was crucified' is their great watchword. They call themselves Jacobites, or Monophysites. In Egypt the Coptic Church is both an original and an Oriental Christianity. During the regular service the Coptics unite social intercourse with worship, they exchange kisses, the children act as deacons, and they stand with bare feet and covered heads. They use

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[1] They pitched their tents in the camps of the wandering Tartar; the lama of Tibet trembled at their words; they stood in the rice fields of the Punjab and taught the fishermen of the Sea of Aral; they struggled through the vast deserts of Mongolia; the memorable inscription of Sianfu attests their victories in China; in India the zamorin himself respected their spiritual and courted their temporal authority.—*History of the Holy Eastern Church*, Neale.

in their services the ancient language of Egypt and are themselves relics of the civilization of the Pharaohs.

"And then here is the ancient Abyssinian or Ethiopian Church, most heretical and backward and peculiar of all. The Abyssinians too make Christ all God (Jacobite) but they have combined Jewish elements with Christian in a queer way. They worship the likeness of the Jewish ark, they have two Sabbaths (the Jewish Saturday and the Christian Sunday), they practice circumcision, they recognize the Jewish distinction between clean and unclean foods, and they permit polygamy. They have dancing in their religious worship, make Pilate a saint because he washed his hands and said, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just man,' and have what amounts to a rebaptizing of the whole nation once every year.

"But why dwell on these smaller groups" (as the Greek spoke he remounted the donkey, and we moved on) "when our own Great Church is in such need?

"I can see it," he said. "We need not to be made into Roman Catholics or Protestants but we do need a great reformation. Let me—a liberal Greek—hold the mirror up to my own church. We have too much superstition, picture worship, ikon worship, saint worship, relic worship. We need the winds of the new knowledge to blow over us —not too roughly, destroying our faith, but strongly enough to lift these low-lying fogs and mists which have settled upon us.

"We are feeling the effects of race on religion. The Near East—our territory—is the real 'crossroads of the world.' Here the races gather together, not to be melted, but to strive and compete. Our own church is predominantly Hellenic and Slavic, not altogether one nor the other.

"We have aimed too much for political power rather than religious life. We have been dazzled by imperial magnificence and the authority of the state. We called our church the Orthodox Imperial Church. Our religious leaders have lived in courts and palaces and dressed in magnificence. They have wielded political power and too often cared only for such power.

"To preserve our political and administrative authority

we came to terms with the Turkish Moslems and surrendered our freedom of propaganda. To receive state recognition we gave up all thought and effort of bringing Moslems to Christ. We became a separate compartment in the Ottoman Empire, with our political rule centered in our patriarch, who in turn reported to the Ottoman state. He was made responsible for the conduct and welfare of Christians. We ceased to be missionary and became stagnant.

"Yet"—we were nearing the Mount of Olives again—"what church has been Christian longer than any other? What church has centered its whole thinking and practice about the great mystery of the incarnation of God in Christ? What church has lined the frontiers and met the Moslem impact without destruction? What church copied and preserved the old Greek manuscripts, which give us to-day our New Testament? What church first built great Christian churches of architectural splendor? What church carried the learning of the ancient world to the Western Europeans, slowly emerging from the Dark Ages, and lo! the Renaissance and the Reformation?

"What church numbers probably a third of Christendom and has still within its old institutions capacity for new life and thought and effort? What church is increasingly eager to know and to enter into fellowship with the great evangelical Protestant Churches of the West, that by an interchange of thought and sympathy each group might strengthen the other?"

We had reached the summit, and the tone of his voice changed as he said, "But here is the Mount of Olives, and here are refreshment and welcome for weary pilgrims to the Jordan."

Our friend the Greek left hurriedly the next morning on some mission for the patriarch. If we had seen him again we should have asked him:

1. Is not the Greek Orthodox Church a warning to us that Christians can be most unchristian when it comes to formulating and drawing up the precise statements of creeds?

2. Is it ever right to surrender the freedom of propa-

ganda for some other benefit? When a church ceases to be missionary does it necessarily stagnate?

3. Can an old and decadent church be revived? Is it not better to begin anew by forming new churches inside the old? Would it not be better to bring Greek Christians over into Protestantism?

4. Just what can Americans do to help the Near East solve its problems and difficulties?

5. Which is more important for the spread of Christianity—the Greek emphasis on correct doctrine or the Roman emphasis on efficient organization?

6. Why is the Greek Church unable to win the Moslem to Christianity? How could it be made an instrument for winning Islam?

CHAPTER X

CHRISTIANITY: THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church"

I HAD been brought up from boyhood to think of Roman Catholicism as a separate and hostile religion. Whenever it was mentioned in our home, it was with words of suspicion and dread, as if some great evil in our land. To me it was pictured as a great menace that threatened to undo our American liberties and to reduce us to a state of mental and spiritual bondage to the ecclesiastical hierarchy that sat in power in Rome, presided over by the Pope. I looked upon a Roman Catholic almost as an alien and an enemy in our American life. Sedgewood had had much the same experience, with one great difference. He told me of it one night on the *Search* as we were nearing the shores of Italy.

"I never told you this, Frank. It happened in Chicago soon after I left home. I fell in love with a Roman Catholic girl."

I almost jumped overboard in my surprise, for I had come to think of Sedgewood as immune to all feminine attractions.

Sedgewood held me with a strong grip on my shoulder and laughed heartily. "Don't do it, Frank. It is all over now and nothing came of it except a better understanding of the Roman Catholic mind. Isabella was an intelligent girl and could talk with the persuasiveness of an angel. Religion, of course, was the great barrier, and we tried to remove it. We both agreed that it would be fatal to shut our eyes to the barrier and jump blindly over it or away from it, landing in we knew not what. She cared for me and I cared for her. One night, sitting in

her porch swing, we talked religion until the early morning hours (think of it!), trying to compose our differences and find some lowest common denominator on which we could unite. We were both of us eagerly anxious to find it. 'Where there's a will there's a way,' I told her as we sat down for our talk; but in the very beginning we struck a snag, and at the end it was the same snag! Again and again we laid it aside and talked of other differences, but we always came back to this main difficulty. It was a battle royal, not between us, but between the mind and heart—her heart and my heart against her mind and my mind. Her love and my love would launch attack after attack on her reason and my reason, but our combined reason would counter attack, and our love would be forced to give ground again. She and I were fighting against her and me. 'We *will* do it, but we *cannot* do it.' These were the battle scenes of that strange struggle."

"What was your snag?" I asked.

He paid no attention to my question. "It was strange how soon and how clearly the main difference between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism emerged, though neither of us had read any books on the subject or had had any one tell us anything. They say that love is the greatest force in the world. I am here to tell you that religion can break Cupid's bow into a thousand splinters.

"It was not the *differences* between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism but the *difference* that kept us apart. She might otherwise have been with us on this voyage." He smiled.

"You are getting me curious," I interposed.

"It won't sound so remarkable to you, sitting here tonight. It isn't any unusual difference, spelled with a capital D; it is the difference common to us in all our daily living. Is not life a constant struggle between the sense of individual rights and the sense of social responsibilities? So I say to myself, 'I will do what I want, but within the limits set by the society to which I belong,' or, 'I will fulfill all my social obligations, but only so far as they are approved by my individual conscience.' These are the two great reciprocating engines in the machinery of human action—individuality and social solidarity. And

they are contradictions, are they not? The one tends toward anarchy and the other toward tyranny. Only when each checks the other is life made possible.

"Now, Isabella and I soon saw that Protestantism stresses the rights of the religious individual, and Roman Catholicism the rights of the religious society—the church. In Protestantism we have churches, but the individual determines the where, when, and how of his religious life. In Roman Catholicism they have individuals, but the church decides the where, when, and how of their religious lives.

"'I will follow my own reason and conscience,' said Protestant I.

"'I will follow the reason and conscience of the church,' said Roman Catholic Isabella.

"We could not find any way to harmonize and utilize the two, so we parted. I left her weeping. Her words I shall never forget: 'Drayton, something is cruelly wrong when Christians have to wreck each other's lives in the name of Christ and Christianity.'

"And I agreed with her. I have wondered ever since if on that parting agreement we might not in time work out some more fundamental unity and some measure of cooperation between the great divided branches of Christendom, which now face one another with such suspicion and hostility across their fences of religious difference."

"Did you never see her again?"

"Just once again—about a fortnight later," answered Sedgewood. "She telephoned and asked me to go with her to the great Easter service in the Roman Catholic cathedral. Foolishly I went."

"Why foolishly?"

"It unsettled our settlement and stirred us all up from the depths once again. I knew what she was about: she would dazzle me by the light and beauty and color and music and incense and chantings and robings into the blindness of submission to her church. You know the high-mass service of the Roman Catholic Church. Well, I was to be a moth whose wings of stubborn individuality and self-determination were to be burned in the gorgeousness of the richest ritual on earth. My Protestant con-

science was to be lifted and torn from its anchorage by the rising tide of sheer religious emotionalism which beat upon it through ear and eye and nose and the sense of a mighty host, shoulder to shoulder, rank on rank, worshiping in unison and receiving together in one bowed humility the benefits of the great atonement of the Crucified. Frank, if you are given to art and music think of the great cathedral, a forest of stone, of the stained-glass windows, of the candles, of the awe of the high altar, of the cross, of the vestments, of the processions, of the swinging of censers, of the Latin service intoned by trained voices, of the choirs singing antiphonally, of the organ whose voice filled the temple, of the lifted Host—the very body and blood of our Lord! I glanced at Isabella. Her face was flooded with the light that is not on land or sea. She looked like some Joan of Arc who was seeing visions of angels. To her beauty was now added fervor. Any painter would have coveted that face for his Madonna. Her whole person was aglow. I felt myself slipping. My brain was in a whirl. It was my little notebook, which I carried in my pocket, that saved me."

"How?" I asked, for Sedgewood stopped.

He laughed. "Like a drowning man grasping at straws my restless, nervous fingers went through my pockets. They lighted on my little notebook, in which I kept my engagements and my expenditures. Unconsciously I drew it out. She gave me a sudden glance of surprise but said nothing. There and then she lost me, and I lost her. A word from her at that moment would have sent the little book into my pocket. On my way home I would have taken her—her religion and all."

He laughed again. "The notebook? With a notebook and pencil, as a little skiff and oar, I struggled for my individuality in that high sea. I began to set down in black and white, though my hand shook, the elements of that religious service I did not like. I became an analyst, and my Protestant brain began to cool. The heaped-up treasures of religious beauty and emotion I evaluated then and there. I fought love off with a bookkeeper's credit and debit. And this is how it looked."

He drew a line on the deck with chalk.

"On this side I set down, first, the liabilities of Roman Catholicism. I did not like its holy water, with which we were sprinkled during the service. Somehow the sign of the cross, made with the fingers over the forehead and the breast, irritated me (why I do not know). I resented being read to and prayed for by a priest in a language I could not understand. I wondered where in the service Jesus and his simple-minded, simple-hearted apostles, had they entered, would have had a place. I could appreciate the Madonna by my side, but the carved image of the real Madonna—the Virgin Mary—was either idolatry or playing with dolls in church. I did not like the carved saints and the prayers to them. Who were they, anyway, and what rights had they to share in the worship of the Divine? Even the crucifix offended me: it was rendering cheap and gruesome a sacred moment in the history of the human race. So, also, the stations of the cross, arranged about the cathedral, fell under my condemnation: to go around them gazing on their crude figures was to excite morbidity. How could the Host be the *actual* and very body of our Lord? Under the microscope of the twentieth century the elements would show themselves unchanged."

He stopped for breath.

"Is that all?" I asked.

"I have just begun," he answered. "Why did the priests deny the 'blood' in the sacramental mass to the laity and give them only the 'bread'? It was undemocratic and against the 'Drink ye all of this' of the first Lord's Supper. The power of the priest I did not like: he stepped between me and God, and I did not like his shadow. The booths for the confessional particularly distressed me: if one could confess only to such as one respects because of their manhood and Christian character, and then face to face and eye to eye, rather than to any priest because of his religious office! Hell I could tolerate, but purgatory! Where did they get the idea and how did they dare to preach it so confidently and so realistically (even crudely)? What right have Christians to offer masses for the repose of the souls of the dead—for their release from purgatory and their entrance into the blessed state of bliss: is it not the old ancestor worship with a Christian veneer? The

celibacy of the priesthood somehow, for me, insulted the sanctity of the institution of marriage; for it makes marriage a concession to the flesh rather than the occasion for the highest Christian virtue. And then, perhaps, finally, I did not approve of the hold of the dead past on the living present. The Roman Catholic Church is more than an organization: it is an organism, and its roots go deep down into the centuries. Church councils of far-distant periods of the past still dictate in creed and practice. Ancient papal decrees are still the living law. In literature, in education, in practice, traditionalism strongly prevails, not because in an organization custom is strong, but because in an organism the growth is for all time."

Sedgewood, in his eagerness to set down the count against Roman Catholicism, had run his chalk against my feet, forcing me to move.

"You have filled the deck on this side," I retorted. "Suppose you write a little over there—on the assets side."

He laughed again. "I was about to total up the liabilities when your feet got in my way. Roman Catholicism is a religion of the masses held in subjection by a great ecclesiastical system that holds the keys of earth and heaven.

"Yet that is not fair," he added quickly. "The Roman Catholic Church is the mother church of all our Protestant denominations. When we tore ourselves loose in anger from her control we brought over much of her ancient treasure. Ancient though she is she constantly renews her youth and is still a vast force to be reckoned with in our world of men. Her missionaries are in every land, toiling patiently and devotedly for that one Holy Catholic Church which in their vision is yet to be."

"But what are the assets?" I interrupted.

"You put them down," he answered. "I am tired stooping. I think that day sitting beside Isabella I had them somewhat thus, though the order may be different: No church is totally depraved which so emphasizes human sin and divine atonement. On those two pillars rest their creed and practice. What is the mass—their central rite—but the remedy for human sin and sinfulness in the face of a just and holy yet merciful God? Confessions, par-

dons, propitiations, indulgences, sacraments, prayers, rosaries, and intercession of saints, all are for human sin and for divine mercy. Here are ever-present possibilities of moral and spiritual power.

"Then put down their works of healing and their philanthropic interests. What church or religion so gives itself to the care of the distressed and needy? 'I was hungry . . . I was thirsty . . . I was a stranger . . . naked . . . sick . . . in prison.' They have remembered this parable of their Lord and all his works of healing. Yet, while they have ministered to poverty, while they have gone so far as to praise and commend poverty, they have not done away with poverty. Dire poverty is all too common in Roman Catholic lands.

"Then, there is loyalty to the church on the part of Catholics—loyalty in attendance on the services of the church, loyalty in gifts, loyalty in speech. Add to that reverence and devotion and the spirit of true worship, seen in countless instances in the homes and in the churches.

"And, lastly, the Roman Catholic Church enters into all of human life with broad and generous sympathy—into poverty and wealth, into ignorance and learning, into birth, marriage, death, and life after death, into the life of ease and the life of toil, into kings' palaces and beggars' huts, into infancy, childhood, youth, maturity, and old age. It shuns none; it embraces all with its wide charity. It makes no distinctions of race or color or nation or breeding. It is truly catholic and universal. To all who submit it is the holy mother church, but for those who submit not—for heretics and dissenters and Protestants like ourselves—it has no tolerance. We are the anti-Christ because we are anti-Rome."

I remember that our conversation on deck stopped just here. We had been speaking as Americans who had had experience with Roman Catholicism and Roman Catholics in the United States. The shock we were to receive when we came to Italy and the Holy and Eternal City—Rome, the axle and the hub of world-wide Catholicism—had not been anticipated. We beheld an institution of vast physical proportions but lacking spiritual power. If only American Catholics could see Rome! Here was unveiled

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AND THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

before us the inner sanctuary of this vast temple, and behold pollution and the tables of the money lenders! It needed the whip of cords.

For here were pomp and glory and superstition and greed and gruesomeness and rank asceticism and idolatry (or, if you prefer, "imageolatry") and irreligion and dirt, all heavily compounded. Here were the Pope and the College of Cardinals and the hierarchy and the Vatican and Saint Peter's and Saint Paul's and Saint John's Lateran, all rich in their adornment and impressive in their magnitude. And here were innumerable barefoot monks and nuns treading the streets, often in procession, with faces hidden in their cowls. And here were pilgrims by the hundred thousand, bending over sacred bones or kissing the toe of Peter's great image or climbing on their knees the sacred steps (the Scala Santa). And here were catacombs—dark tunnels filled with human skeletons staring at one out of ecclesiastical robes. And here were chambers plastered with skulls and bones, and here was the gorgeous ritual of huge churches, with whole battalions of priests performing the service. And here was the ancient Forum, overtopped by the church that commemorates Saint Paul in chains—a symbol of what has happened to imperial Rome. And here were indulgences for all manner of sin, easily procured. Here merit could be piled up for the long years of purgatory that lie ahead. Here religion and the church were too frequently spoken of lightly and without respect by thousands of nominal Catholics.

I hold in my hands the little booklet of instructions purchased at the Holy Staircase, near the great and ancient Church of Saint John's Lateran. It is entitled *Manner of Visiting and Devoutly Ascending the Holy Stairs.* It bears a crude picture entitled "The True Likeness of Our Most Holy Saviour." Then comes the following:

"Indulgences

granted to those who visit the Holy Stairs.

"The Holy Stairs are one of the most renowned memorials of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom they were ascended and descended several times in going to and from the Pretorium of Pilate. They were trans-

ported from Jerusalem to Rome under the auspices of Saint Helena, Empress, about the year 326; and in the year 1589 they were placed by Pope Sixtus V before the celebrated chapel called 'Holy of Holies.' According to a very ancient and pious custom they are visited by ascending them on bended knees. The Supreme Pontiffs Saint Leo IV and Pascal II, in order to excite the faithful to frequent this devout exercise, granted nine years of indulgence for each step every time they are visited in the manner stated above, with a contrite heart, meditating at the same time on the Most Sacred Passion of Our Divine Redeemer. Pope Pius VII by a decree of the S. Congr. of September 2, 1817, confirming the aforesaid indulgences, declared them applicable also to the souls in Purgatory."

After this introduction come the prayers—a preparatory prayer, one prayer for each of the twenty-eight steps, and the final prayer. There is no mention of any risen Lord.

Somehow in the final prayer in this little book sold to pilgrims in Rome is summed up the whole spirit of this greatest branch of the Christian Church:

"Prayer

"O Eternal and Divine Father, look down from the heights of heaven upon this most sacred Victim, who is offered to thee in satisfaction for our sins, and through his infinite merits pardon and save us.

"Hail Mary! full of sorrow, the Crucified is with thee. Thou art indeed worthy of compassion among women, and worthy of compassion is the fruit of thy womb Jesus. Holy Mary, mother of the Crucified, obtain from us, the crucifiers of thy dear Son, true tears of repentance, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

"You are exhorted to say five Our Fathers and Hail Marys according to the intention of our Holy Father the Pope, in order to gain the indulgences."

I can imagine Isabella praying such a prayer, but Sedgewood—never.

1. Can the Roman Catholic emphasis on the church and the Protestant emphasis on the individual conscience be harmonized? If so, how?

2. Is Roman Catholicism suited to a certain type of mind and therefore inevitable? Can a highly educated Catholic be a good Catholic?

3. Does not Roman Catholicism conserve certain great elements in Christianity which have been lost or neglected in the Protestant churches?

4. Can a Roman Catholic be a true patriot? Do loyalty to the church (centered in Rome) and loyalty to the nation sometimes conflict?

5. What is the correct attitude Protestants should take toward Roman Catholics? Are caution and suspicion necessary?

6. Is there a difference between Roman Catholicism as an ecclesiastical system and Roman Catholics as individuals?

7. Is there any way in which intermarriage between Protestants and Roman Catholics can be made justifiable?

CHAPTER XI

CHRISTIANITY: PROTESTANTISM

"The just shall live by faith"

It was in Rome, the great metropolis of Roman Catholicism, that I got my first real appreciation of the meaning and the spirit of Protestantism. Behold me, born and brought up a Protestant; yet if anyone had asked me why I was a Protestant, I should have looked blankly at him or else replied with Topsy, "I jes' growed." But in Rome, where Protestantism is so abhorrent to loyal Catholics, I knew *why* I was a Protestant. I found a reason for the faith that is in me. It came with a flash at the Scala Santa (the Holy Staircase), though what I had seen and heard before no doubt had had its influence. A young German theological student, by name Kluge, belonging to the Lutheran Church, had attached himself to us that day. Together we watched well-dressed women, with fingers covered with rings, and women in simplicity of poverty, men old and men young, ascend on their knees, praying as they went. One old gouty woman particularly attracted our attention as she struggled upward, her face drawn with pain. Kluge could bear it no longer and shouted aloud, *"Der Gerechte wird seines Glaubens leben."*[1]

It was as if someone had thrown a bomb. All was confusion. Before the guardians of the stairs could lay hands on Kluge, he had disappeared. We found him at our boarding house in great glee over his escapade.

"Gentlemen, you will pardon me for leaving you so hastily."

"But why did you do it?" I asked.

He seemed surprised. "Do you not know?"

"No," I answered: "Americans have many blind spots in their field of vision."

[1] "The just shall live by faith."

He laughed and drew his chair forward. "I was quoting Martin Luther, the father of our common Protestantism. In 1511 he started to climb those very stairs, seeking the indulgences. The silliness of it all came over him, and he stopped. The words of Paul in Romans and Galatians rang in his mind: 'The just shall live by faith.' Down the stairs he walked, and Protestantism had begun to make its protest. I was thinking of Luther—and thinking aloud."

Sedgewood had been silent but suddenly he broke forth: "The threefold nature of Protestantism has been present from the very first, then, has it not?"

"What three things are you thinking of, Mr. Sedgewood?" Kluge was still smiling. He did not realize that Sedgewood, though no theological student, had been doing a lot of thinking.

"I mean," answered Sedgewood, lifting three fingers and telling them off, "faith . . . individual . . . Bible."

"Please elaborate," answered Kluge, becoming serious.

"I mean just this" (Sedgewood was sitting on the edge of the table): "that back on the Scala Santa with Martin Luther you have Protestantism's three insistences: in the first place, that man is saved from his life of sin by an act of surrender to the goodness of God—call it faith—rather than by a cathedral full of sacramental works. By the ax of that one little quotation from Paul, Luther started to hew down the whole elaborate system of masses and indulgences and sacramental magic."

"But Protestants have sacraments," I urged.

"Yes, but they are, when Protestantism is true to itself, helpful rather than conditional to salvation."

Kluge interrupted. "Luther and Protestantism keep only the two sacraments that are found in the New Testament: baptism and the Lord's Supper."

Sedgewood continued eagerly. "It was a great day when Luther substituted the life of trust in God for the life of trust in the offices of the priest. No wonder you shouted!"

"Let's all shout and get arrested," I added.

"And burned at the stake," laughed Kluge. "That is

what they did to Protestants in the early days—to all who came along with axes and began to cut into the ancient boughs and bark of the great tree. They were damaging property. Now, however, we have become numerous and so strong they can only put us in jail for disturbing the peace—when we *do* disturb it."

But Sedgewood went on: "And the second insistence is this: The individual, rather than the church, has the experience of faith. 'The just' is literally 'the just man,' is it not? Singular noun?"

Kluge nodded.

"I thought so. It is individual experience of God, gained immediately and directly by an attitude of surrender and trust."

"Say it again," I added, puzzled.

"You know what I mean, Frank. It's just what I was saying when we discussed the main difference between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism in my little story of Isabella. No church holding the keys of heaven and earth, no church council, no Pope or papal decree, no priest sitting at the window of the confessional, can dictate to me in matters spiritual, I can be priest in my own behalf, with my own individual and direct contact with the living God. I can tune in with God without their assistance or authority."

"The priesthood of all believers, we call it," added Kluge.

"But we have churches and priests and clergymen," I interrupted.

It was Kluge who answered. "For the sake of organization and efficiency, yes; but not to come in between God and the individual Christian. They are not to eclipse God but to point him out. Our clergy are not mediators but ministers, and there is a world of difference there. They hold no keys; they are pastors who shepherd, and preachers who teach, and ministers who serve."

"Well answered," said Sedgewood. "And the third insistence both feeds faith and checks the individual. It is Protestantism's insistence on the Bible (the Old Testament and the New Testament, particularly the latter) as the standard and rule of Christian faith and practice."

"'The just shall live by faith' is found in the New Testament."

"And in the Old Testament also," added Kluge. "Paul himself was quoting, you know."

"There is a difference here between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism," continued Sedgewood. "They work on different theories. I have it all figured out. The Catholic says, 'The Holy Spirit's work goes on in the living organism of the church, inspiring through the centuries the decisions of the Popes and councils. Why limit faith and practice to the ancient Scriptures? No tree limits its nourishment to that which comes from its roots; it draws from all its branches and its leaves as well.' On the other hand, the Protestant says this: 'Why depend on minor revelations of God's mind and purpose when you have a supreme revelation? Why draw your light from innumerable little candles when you have the sun in the sky? The Bible is the record of that perfect revelation. Jesus Christ prepared for, Jesus Christ himself, Jesus Christ interpreted—there you have the message of the Bible. What more is necessary?' So the Protestants busy themselves first in getting the Bible into the hands of the people. For them Bible translation is a primary duty. A Bible in every home, Bible study in every Christian life, the reading and expounding of the Bible, make the heart of their service of worship.

"The Roman Catholics, on the other hand, prefer to keep the Bible in the ancient Latin, where only the priesthood can get at it; for to them even the New Testament is filled with dangerous individualism."

Kluge could no longer restrain himself. "Martin Luther himself put the New Testament into the German tongue of the common people, and exactly one hundred years after the Scala Santa episode of Luther, your King James Version (1611) gave you the Scriptures in the best English. Now we have the Bible or portions of it translated into more than seven hundred languages of this little earth of ours. So deeply is Protestantism committed to the Bible! But I interrupted Mr. Sedgewood—"

"I had finished," said Sedgewood, "I had just three things to say."

Kluge rallied him. "Are you going to leave Protestantism with only three walls—faith, the individual, the Bible? Why not give it its fourth wall and complete it? Are you ashamed of its fourth wall? I am. Yet it is inevitable. You can't open Pandora's box without letting the little devils or fairies or whatever is in it fly out. You can't snip the necklace of social solidarity (be it in church or state) with the scissors of individual rights without sending some beads flying."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, division is the fourth characteristic of Protestantism," he replied. "We are three Protestants sitting here, yet I would wager that we belong to three separate churches, or denominations."

I nodded. "Yes, Sedgewood is a poor Presbyterian, and I am a good Methodist, and you are—"

"A Lutheran of the old State Church of Protestant Prussia. Of course, we are divided. We wouldn't be good Protestants if we were not." He laughed, then suddenly grew serious. "It is our greatest weakness. And the Roman Catholics sit back and sneer at us. We aren't a church at all; only aggregations. You see what we have done: we have established the principle of individual responsibility and judgment, and every fellow that comes along has his own peculiar individualism and insists therefore on establishing (for conscience' sake) his own peculiar church. Individualism, you know, is a dangerous thing, as Mr. Sedgewood says; and the Roman Catholic Church with good reason fears it and scotches it as a man would a poisonous snake. But we Protestants pick up the poor little thing and nurse it in our sympathetic bosoms, and it stings us. We are infected with individualism. We insist on the privilege of branching, and now look at our branchings. We look like a genealogical tree. How many different individual denominations are there?"

Sedgewood broke in. "Yes, if you don't like the Methodists, come join the Presbyterians or become some new kind of Methodist."

"But are we not checked by the Bible, which is the rule and norm of Protestantism?" I asked.

Kluge smiled at my ignorance. "Yes, but the Bible was

not written by trained lawyers or even trained theologians. Men differ as to its meaning, and the individual insists on his right of interpreting the Bible, and there you are again! The Bible, instead of binding us together, becomes itself a source of further division and confusion. You have your interpretation of it, and I have mine; and if mine appears to me to be the better, then I have the right to hold it and to insist on it, regardless of what happens."

Sedgewood spoke. "We Protestants acknowledge in a general way the supremacy of the Bible, as men in our country acknowledge the supremacy of the Constitution of the United States; but we have no Supreme Court to interpret just what it means. Each separate Protestant denomination is in some way a separate interpretation of the Bible. Each gets a different spectrum from the light of the Holy Scriptures."

"Or, rather," added Kluge, "they differ on a great variety of subjects, and then each seeks to justify its own point of view by reference to the Bible; and the Bible, like the robe of charity, covers all their multitude of differences. What divides Protestants? Varying human temperaments and opinions backed by varying references to the Scriptures. So we differ on the nature and method of the sacraments, which to us are only two (Lord's Supper and baptism); on whether church government should be by elders and the local congregation, or by bishops, each presiding over a number of churches; on whether God is so supreme as to be sovereign Will, governing all actions and destinies, or whether he allows some free play to the human will in his moral universe; on whether the priesthood is a special order or merely an office; on whether the greater emphasis should be placed on the more formal service of worship, often with an elaborate ritual, or on a more informal service in which the singing and the praying and the free and easy speaking warm the heart; on the extent to which there is a consciousness of a personal religious experience of freedom from sin and fellowship with God—all these besides the divisions caused by national differences. You American Protestants divided again on the question of slavery; we European Protestants

allow national frontiers and languages and connection with the state to keep us apart."

"What is Protestant Europe?" I asked.

He named them off: "Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, half of Holland, two thirds of Germany, Switzerland, Esthonia, and Latvia. There are considerable Protestant groups in France, Poland, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, and European Russia. This national variety tends of course to aggravate the complexity of Protestantism; for we have no common organization, ritual, or language to bind us together as have the Roman Catholics. So we are divided by our theologies and our organizations and buy our rituals and our national distinctions. Too frequently we exclude one another from the 'communion of saints' and perpetuate a 'disunion of saints' in its place.

"Even now we Protestants are torn asunder again by new battle cries, and the papers write us up." He looked at us smiling. "Are you 'fundamentalists' or 'modernists'? Do you say 'Shibboleth' or 'Sibboleth'?"

"Is it not more than that?" asked Sedgewood seriously. "I want light."

"Yes," Kluge answered, "I didn't mean to speak too flippantly; but it is our twentieth-century cleavage in Protestantism where the individual judgment and conscience will once more herd men into separate folds. The real problem (and I speak for myself) lies in the question whether it is possible in either position to become Christ-like. If it is possible to become like Christ in his attitude toward God, in his attitude toward men, and in his own personal achievement, then I insist that each group recognize the other and allow freely and generously to each other the ancient Protestant right of individual judgment and choice. Is it not so?"

Here Kluge picked up his cap, but Sedgewood stopped him.

"Would you mind being our guide through Protestant Europe—at my expense? You seem to know English and French and Dutch and Italian and Swedish besides your own German. You educated Continentals are wonderful when it comes to language. We Americans study languages

in our schools; but as for speaking the languages we study, the very thought paralyzes our tongues and brains. We don't even read them when once our credit is entered on the books."

So it came about that we traveled and watched and associated with European Protestants in hamlets and villages and towns and cities. It was a revelation to us—the diversity, the power, and the weakness of our branch of the Christian Church. We left Kluge in Glasgow to return to his studies.

That night, as we slipped down the Clyde and headed for Protestant America, Sedgewood summed it all up: "Protestantism is as wonderful as any religious system on earth, and to think it is only one branch of Christendom!"

"The most vital," I replied.

"Yet it has serious weaknesses, Frank. Most human beings do not want to do their own religious thinking. They want their religion as they want their medicine—prescribed for them by some doctor of divinity. They will take their creeds and their ritual and their religious duties from someone above them rather than make them for themselves. So Protestantism is constantly tempted to assume the rôle of Catholicism and prescribe and administer religion.

"Protestantism, in the next place, and perhaps because of what I have been saying, is not the religion of the poor and the ignorant. The great industrial group it has not gained. With the middle class it is strong. Go into the average Protestant church and you will find well-dressed and healthy folk—the bourgeoisie, as they call it in Europe, or the white-collar crowd, as they call it in America.

"And, being the bourgeois branch of Christendom, people who are addicted to comfort (and becoming increasingly so), we make Christianity a religion without discomfort. That to me is a crying weakness in Protestantism: we sit on cushions and lean back on cushions, refuse to discommode our bodies, grow sleepy in our services, and sleepy in our religious activity outside the church. 'Remain seated while you pray and give your offering and while you sing the next hymn!' We have

upholstered the cross so it will be more comfortable to carry, put balloon tires under religion to take up the bumps of the road, and forgotten what Jesus meant when he spoke of selling all that you have, of the plow from which there is no backward look, of denying father and mother for the sake of the Kingdom, of letting the dead bury their dead, of cups and baptisms and crosses and swords and sheep before wolves, and all the rest. No, Protestantism takes the cross out of Christianity to use it merely as a decoration for churches or as a theological doctrine."

"Are you not unjust to Protestantism?" I retorted.

But it was as if he had not heard me. "You see, we have swung from the hard asceticism of Roman Catholicism to the opposite extreme of soft self-indulgence. Christian activity with us is not a stern duty but a matter of tempermental temperature. 'I will give time and effort to the service of the church only if I have the taste and the leisure for it. If I don't feel like it, an excuse is easily found.' Is it not so?

"And then, Frank, how about the spirit of worship in our Protestant church services? We are not like either the Pharisee or the publican, who 'went up into the temple to pray.' We go up to the church to *listen*—to listen to the sermon and the music, to the prayer and the Scriptures. But worship is more than listening. We have, in most Protestant churches, replaced the altar with the pulpit desk. We have gone back from the church-as-temple idea to the church-as-synagogue idea. Then we sit back in our comfortable pews to listen if the preacher is interesting or to doze if he is dull. And where is worship, which is both passive reception and active expression in the presence of God?"

"What would you have?" I asked. "Shorter sermons? More congregational singing and praying? More ritual importance given to the offering? Do not the midweek service and the Sunday-school and the young people's meeting supply what to you is lacking in the Sunday services?"

But he went on: "You see, Frank, we have made the sermon central. If the sermons are not good, then the whole service cracks from top to bottom, and folks dislike to go to

church. We need training in worship until the worship of God becomes central in our services, and instruction and music and fitting church architecture and church decoration and proper activities outside the church serve as the handmaidens of worship. Then will our Protestant Christianity come to its power."

"How would you train in worship?" I asked.

"That is our problem," he answered. He had risen. "It is not all dark with our Protestantism. There are some most healthy reactions. Our blood pressure may be low, but our heart still beats soundly. We have prophets among us who are rousing us to the new day and its duties. Our laymen and laywomen are increasingly active and devoted. Our children and youth are being built into the church rather than being brought back to the church. Our educational and philanthropic institutions are seen on every hill. We are more concerned about keeping the springs of our personal and civic and national life pure and clean. We are watching more closely what enters into eye gate and ear gate and through the lips. We are insisting more on honesty in business and politics, and that oppression and vice, wherever seen, shall cease. We are closing up the divisions of Protestantism by movements of federation and cooperation among our denominations. We have a new emphasis on religious education, which carries with it training in worship and training in Christian activity. There is a new emphasis on *service* as the normal volitional expression of Christian living. We are thinking more in terms of a Christian world, and our missions are in every land. We are increasingly willing to adjust organized Christianity, as we know it and proclaim it, to race psychology, so that the Christian churches of China, for instance, may choose their own forms and expressions. We are increasingly appreciative of the help that modern science may render, if properly utilized, to the doing away of superstition and error and disease and the bringing in of a better day to those who sit in darkness and are bound in chains. We are seeking to come into closer contacts with the great world of labor and to the foreigner in our midst. We are more and more becoming the friends of little children and placing their welfare

first. We are beginning to study the other races and peoples and are inquiring what the Christian attitude toward race may be. We long for a world without war and are making our first organized opposition to war. In general we are favorable toward international agencies that tend to do away with suspicion and strife among the nations."

He paused, and a strange light was in his eyes. I thought even Drayton Sedgewood might have joined the company of the prophets as he said, "I see on this side the hour of destiny for the whole human race, when the foundations of the new world are being laid; and on the other side a great army of men and women—Protestants—who have been trained from childhood in the Christian Scriptures, who have read for themselves the story of Jesus and his program for the world, and who are now, in spite of their divisions and many weaknesses, the most hopeful agency on earth for bringing together and joining together in indissoluble friendship the Christ and our new world."

We sat on deck that night and as Protestants asked ourselves:

1. Are denominations necessary? Are they useful? Are they valuable? What should be done with them?

2. What do Greek Orthodox, Roman Catholic, and Protestant Christians have in common? On what basis could they be brought to cooperate in a common program?

3. Did not Protestantism begin as a protest? A protest is negative, a tearing down; there must be the positive program of building up. What is the program of Protestantism? Has Protestantism been sufficiently positive and constructive? Is it to-day?

4. What can we do to improve our Protestant services of worship?

5. Is not our attitude one of suspicion when we think of other faiths? Why are we so sure they are wrong? Is the average Protestant tolerant or intolerant? Why?

6. Ought the right of individual judgment in regard to belief and practice be allowed to individual church members as well as to individual denominations? Or should

each denomination have strict requirements for its membership?

7. What does it signify for Christianity's world task that Protestant Christians come for the most part from the social class that has considerable education, property, and culture?

CHAPTER XII

CONCLUSION: THE UNIVERSAL CHRIST

"What think ye of Christ?"

It was a bright day, and the North Atlantic was on its best behavior. We sat on deck in easy chairs, warmly wrapped in steamer robes. Beneath us the little engines of the *Search* throbbed, making eagerly for the home port, and the dark blue water was unmindful of us except where we cut our thin, foaming track through its immensity.

It was a day for dreaming. We lay back with half-closed eyes. The Old World was behind us, and America ahead. Asia was no mere word any longer; for its four little letters had now become a reviewing stand for memory, past which, hour after hour, living men and women passed by in seemingly endless procession. Four little letters by the magic of travel had turned into temples and rice fields, bazaars and slow-moving junks, brass cooking pots and wooden plows, naked children and burning sunlight. Africa from *A* to *a*—the word had stretched out so that one now traveled through it for weeks, over desert and savannah, past old ruins and new mines—and everywhere black folk, "thinking black" and in too many places "feeling black" as well. And Europe! From the tip of one *E* to the tip of the other it was a little airplane that carried us back over nations that fitted together like a jigsaw puzzle, yet every nation throbbing with the new life and full of interest. And everywhere people—live men and women struggling with big problems!

So I sat on deck with thoughts running backward, while Sedgewood, beside me, was evidently running forward, far forward, in time. He had been silent a long while when he spoke.

"Frank," he said, still looking at the ocean, "where are we coming out?"

"Are you speaking of tunnels or débutantes?" I turned and asked him.

But he was serious. "We are bound for one common world civilization. Of that there is no doubt. We shall all have the same general fund of knowledge. We shall have much the same type of schools and universities. The cities of the world will tend more and more to resemble one another in buildings and street lighting and means of transportation. The literature and fine arts of one people will be shared by all peoples. Factories and business houses will be much the same. Hygiene and medicine and surgery will be standard and universal. Governments will be more or less uniform."

"All of them monarchies or republics or soviets?" I asked.

"Those are only names," he answered: "trade marks stamped on the article itself. There are, after all, only two kinds of government in the world—government by the few and government by the many. The few are always tending to get control. When they finally succeed, there is an overturn and the people, through their representatives, recover their lost power until they lose it again. So it goes in empires, republics, and soviets."

"One world!" His face grew serious. "The necessities of business, of travel, of education, of literature, and of the radio will reduce the language complex of our humanity to a few great world languages. Will there in time be one great universal language, spoken everywhere?"

"And what about religion?" I asked. "Will there continue to be many religions, like many languages, or will there be a few great religions, or will there be just one—or none?"

But he avoided my question. He had his own line of approach. "What troubles me, Frank, is this: Can the human race ever really unite about a civilization? A common civilization does not change diverse physical characteristics, does not destroy national heritages, does not do away with rivalries nor with race prejudices. In a common method of living there is no insurance against war. Civil wars occur even in lands whose citizens have the same traditions, the same upbringing, and the same physical

and mental traits. The Great War, which has devastated the world, was a war *within a common civilization.*"

"True," I answered.

"Then, in addition to the externals of civilization there must be some inner principle or group of principles which must be equally common and binding. Otherwise there is no peace. What shall it be?"

"I think I see it, Frank. Take the view of the centuries and the continents. All civilizations have been constantly in flux. Even our twentieth-century method of living is changing every decade. Nothing abides—except one thing. Only one social institution is universal and survives 'the wrecks of time.' It defies both space and time. It has foundations that are as permanent as man himself. It is based not on human intelligence, which is as changeable as the weather, but on human instinct, which is as constant as the atmosphere. Every other human institution rests on a more or less artificial relationship and therefore feels the effects of its environment. This one permanent in human society is natural and obeys the dictates of heredity, which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, do not change."

"Do not speak in riddles," I begged.

"Frank, you know I speak of the family, based on the primary human relationship: man, woman, child. It is unescapable. A home, with all that the word implies, is its finest expression; but you have it in jungle or cave. Now, what I am on the trail of is this: If the principle or group of principles which forms the framework of the family, which makes a 'home,' could be applied to our new world society, it would save us from destruction."

"Intermarriage among the races, you mean?" I asked.

"No, no," he answered impatiently. "Not the physical framework of the family but the rules of family conduct, which accompany the other and preserve the family relationship. The family would never survive if there were only the one, and not the other."

"Can you really have one without the other?" I asked.

He brushed my question aside. "Family conduct if applied to the world family of races and nations would be just the thing. When we speak of world brotherhood do

we not mean just that thing—the family code? See how beautifully it works, Frank." He was all aglow with his enthusiasm. "The family does not place all on a level of equality—whether in age or mentality or handiness or artistic appreciation or earning power or experience or anything. You can't put the human race—or races—on a common level, can you?"

"Aren't all men 'created free and equal'?" I asked.

He did not stop. "But there is in the normal family no attempt on the part of some members to take improper advantage of the inequality of the other members. The older do not exploit the younger, nor do the younger rebel against the older. As each grows and matures he comes automatically, or, rather, naturally, into his own proper place, rendering his fullest contribution to the common family life. In other words, mutual recognition and mutual service constitute family ethics. Or put it into one word, which is two-cylindered: love."

"That is impossible," I took him up. "We already know we *ought* to be a human brotherhood. We talk much about the brotherhood of man and the sisterhood of nations and the human family on earth. Yet where does that get us? Do we not go on exploiting the weaker and taking advantage of the stronger in every possible way?"

"Frank" (he clapped his hand on my knee—I was evidently following nicely his lead), "you have said it there. The truest thing ever written in all human literature is written somewhere in the New Testament. You will know just where to find it if I don't. 'Not what I would, that do I practice; but what I hate, that I do.' It is as true of nations as of individuals. It is the real human slavery, and whites are as subject to it as blacks or browns or yellows. Plain moral principles, stuck up as sign posts on the roads men travel, do not keep men from wandering hither and thither, to right and left, in the bypaths of wickedness and error. 'The way ye know.'

"How few people love right just because it is right, justice because it is justice, mercy because it is mercy! For most of us right and justice and mercy have to be dressed up before they win our whole-hearted devotions, before they command our emotions and our wills. I have a little

motto hanging in my room at home: 'Bein' good is such a lonesome job.' Why? Because plain, abstract virtues have about as much real attraction about them as wax models in show windows. We accept them but we do not love them. But let your wax woman become a real woman, let it become your sweetheart or your mother or your queen, and see how a man steps along. His emotions and his will begin to glow and to function."

"You are trying to say?" I interrupted.

"That moral principles must be turned into persons before they have any compelling power. A heated Moses is far more effectual than cold tables of stone for people dancing before golden calves. All the 'Thou shalts' and the 'Thou shalt nots' which have been trying to drive me forward fall into their proper places when there comes along some strong, magnetic human person who calls to me, 'Come, follow me, and I will make you.'

"Human progress, Frank, comes not by legislation but by human personality. A great leader arises, and the procession forms and moves. Then the legislative milestones pass by one by one, and we call it progress."

Casually Sedgewood leaned over his steamer chair and from under a pile of books brought out what looked to me like an autograph album or birthday book.

"What is that?" I asked in surprise.

He was chuckling. "Another hobby of which you are totally ignorant. You do not know my many-sidedness. I am a constant surprise to my intimate friends." Then, all of a sudden, he grew serious again. "Listen, Frank. We are never going to have 'peace on earth, good will among men'—a human family—until we find some great, rich, compelling human personality around whom the nations and the races can gather. We have to have an ideal man—some living, magnetic, representative man who captures the conscience and the imagination of all the races. Not international law (which is simply the moral law written into a universal legal code) but an international person must save us. But the trouble is, he must be with every people all the time. If he lived in Washington, then he would be a stranger to Calcutta. If Paris housed him, then Sydney and Johannesburg

would call him European. He must belong to all the continents."

"Sedgewood, what wild thing are you saying?"

Smiling, he took his book and laid it unopened on my lap. "Frank, have you never thought of the international, intercontinental, and interracial significance of the resurrection of Jesus Christ? He is living and available for every people all the time. Have you ever thought how central he is for all races and nations and classes and ages? When he came in the flesh, where did he do his work? Where the cultures of Europe and Asia and Africa touched one another.

"In race he belonged to the dark whites, so that all colors of human folk might find in him some resemblance to themselves. To youth he was young and to age he was mature. He belonged to the poor, yet dined in rich men's homes and lay in a rich man's tomb. He did not despise pomp when he rode into Jerusalem, yet he was content with no place to lay his head.

"To the foolish he was wise and to the wise he was foolish. The scribes said he had no education, but the multitudes said he spoke with the authority of knowledge. He came eating and drinking, and men called him a glutton and winebibber; yet he was one of the five thousand caught without bread in a desert place until a fisher boy contributed his lunch to the whole crowd, and he forgot his bread and meat and water when he found some needy woman by a well, or when the sick thronged him on the seashore.

"He was stern yet he was tender, restless yet calm, patient yet impatient, meek yet assertive, virile yet womanly, sociable yet loving solitude, loving the world of nature yet praying against the temptation in it, happy in homes yet denying himself a home, healing the broken in body yet himself terribly broken at the end, forgiving his enemies yet even warning them, a Man of sorrows always healing sorrows, a Nationalist yet a Universalist.

"Not only central in location and race and temperament, he was central between man and God. He showed what God could become to man, and what man could become to God. We have more reverence for God and more re-

spect for man since he lived. And he is living—the only great religious leader in the world without a tomb.

"Is not this the Man to furnish the personal leadership without which laws and codes and moral principles are unavailing? Will he not capture the conscience and imagination of all peoples?"

"Is all this you have been saying written in this book?" I asked him.

"Yes, all this and more," he answered. As he spoke he opened the cover and turned to the flyleaf. There, neatly printed in Sedgewood's handwriting, were the words:

"What Think Ye of Christ?"

"A Little Book of Testimony
by Men of All Races"

"This is my souvenir of our voyage," he laughed. "I wanted not only to learn about other religions: I wanted to know the value of my own. And my own, to me, was represented not by Christianity but by Christ. 'For he is our peace' is written somewhere in Paul's letters. I wanted to test its truth for our day and for our world. Can we gather the races, the nations, the classes, in a great new era of peace about him? So I asked men in every land we visited to write in my little book, not their autographs, but what they thought about Jesus. Fully and frankly, even critically, these men have written, and here is the result."

" 'Who do men say that I am?' Some say this and some that, as you will see."

I turned the pages of the little book in fascination. Christians and non-Christians had cheerfully written their testimonies. Many were in English—good, bad, and indifferent English—and the rest were in the various languages of earth, with accompanying translations. They were written by men of all ranks in life.

"Let me read you here and there," Sedgewood said, taking the book from my hands. Lying back and looking out at the great ocean, I listened, and as I heard him I seemed to hear above the noise of the many waters the trampling of human feet—the gathering together about

His program and His person the peoples of our new earth.

"I read at random—one from each people. This from a Japanese: 'There is no doubt that Jesus tells a most pleasing story of God, the Supreme Being. One could wish it to be true. Not only by his words but by his whole life he explains the character of God. Greatly to be admired are his courage and his loyalty. If Jesus had been born in Japan he would have a great following.'

"And this by a Chinese: 'While Jesus seems to break up the family, it is always in the interest of the larger family of humanity. He is never selfish nor disorderly. The wandering teacher is not unknown in China. His appreciation of the value of men and women will in the end make human society more permanent. He was of the people, and hence the people acclaimed him. We could wish that China had known this Sage before the European brought him, that we might have seen his teachings in the light of their own worth.'

"And this from India: 'Who but Jesus is worthy of the allegiance of this ancient land of the religious ecstasy? Where the West would throw him over the brow of the hill, there India would rescue him from their rough hands. We approve his gospel of the second cheek, the second coat, and the second mile. The West has misunderstood him utterly. Let him come to us for true appreciation and interpretation. India will preach the cross as against materialism and militarism, mercy as against Mammon and Mars, the way of good works, the way of good knowledge, the way of good devotion—he treads the three historic ways of India, and India will tread his way when he reveals it to her longing heart.'

"And from Negro Africa: 'Let the Sun of Africa arise! Let him break the gloom of our dark night of fears. Let him free the African from all his slaveries. On the mountains of freedom we shall walk with him. The stars of God we shall learn name by name, and each shall tell of some new excellence into which the sons of God shall enter. Africa bore his cross: let Africa now bear his crown!'

"This is a Moslem's testimony: 'Isa [Jesus] and Mohammed—peace to the prophets of the compassionate!

Through Isa, Allah revealed his morality and mercy; through Mohammed his unity and power. We honor Isa, for through him the Almighty has spoken. Let Christians be Christlike, and Moslems will honor him yet the more.'

"A thoughtful European has this: 'Imperfect as is the civilization of Europe, it bears within it the nucleus of a truly Christian social order. The conversion of Europe was too hastily carried out for European culture to be permeated through and through with the spirit of Jesus. Hence we have but partially interpreted him. We have made only a beginning with the great experiment. Yet no leaven such as the leaven of Jesus' teaching and person can abide in any civilization century after century, as in Europe, without the leavening process proceeding far beyond what the eye can trace. It is our duty to take the person of Jesus down from our paintings and crucifixes and out from our theological books—and make him walk the roads of Europe in human lives attuned to his life. Then shall many hasten from the modern West to sit down with those from the new East in his world-wide kingdom of human brotherhood.'"

He closed the book. I took it from him to read further. By chance I turned to the last page. Out of a full heart I read this little poem, initialed "D. S.," which brought this volume to a close, and I add it here:

"Men of the East first hailed thy star's appearing,
Men of the West did nail thee to thy cross;
Yet by that star the West has made its steering,
And with the cross the East makes up its loss.

"Along the Western roads thy word came speeding,
The Eastern deserts blocked an easy path;
And yet the West has been too much unheeding,
And Eastern peoples know thee but in wrath.

"Too long our West has vaunted pride and power,
Too long the East has answered pride with hate;
The races of the earth await the hour
Some greater Prince of Peace brings in his state.

"Uplifted, draw all peoples in communion
To share in happy harmony life's good.
Now joining hands, may East and West have union
And make thy name their seal of brotherhood."

Questions

1. Which of the religions we have studied are best fitted to survive? If they should be reduced to four, which four? Three? Two? Which one is likely to become universal? Why?

2. If Christianity becomes the universal religion, what type of Christianity will it be? Will there be varieties of Christianity? Will Christianity receive any contributions or new emphases from the other religions?

3. Should Christianty absorb or destroy the other religions of the world? Which is the more dangerous process?

4. If you were to make a composite religion, what would you draw from each of the religions? To what extent would this differ from Christianity as you understand it?

5. What changes would you make in Christianity? Would you make any changes in the character and personality of Jesus?

6. If Jesus becomes the moral and spiritual leader of mankind, what changes will it make in our human life and institutions? Picture such a world. Will it do away with race? with nations? with classes? Is a Christlike world desirable? Is it practicable? How can it be achieved?

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